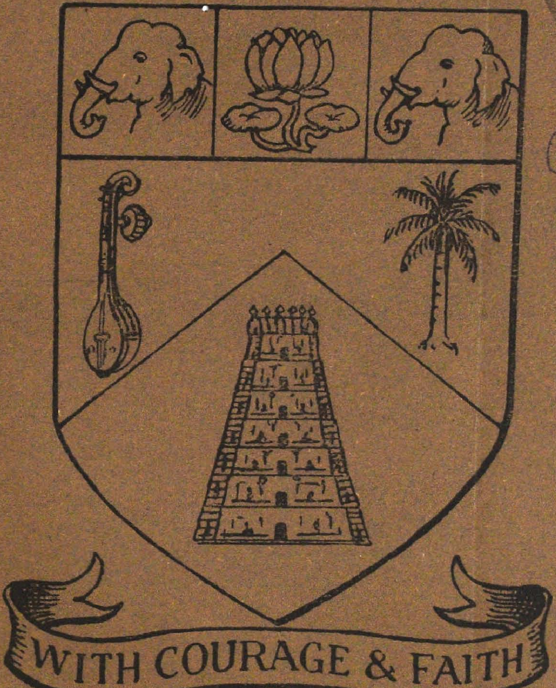
02

ANNAMALAINAGA

MISCELLANY



No. 2 Vol. II Feb. 1931

ANNAMALAINAGAR

MISCELLANY

VOL. II.

No. 2 Feb. 1931

Contents.

PAGE

Editorial ... • i

J. M. Barrie—By K. P. K. Menon 1

A. Short Story—By C. R. Myleru 14

Recent Trends in Physical Education—By L. K. Govindarajulu 20

The Fatal Fault—By S. K. Y.... 29

" Abraham Lincoin "—By A. C. Subrahmanyan ... 34

The Measured Malice of Music—By K. N. S. Manyam 45

The Trials of Mr. " Conductor"—By Mr. Conductor. 50

The Undefined Something—By M. R. 55

Our March to Madras—By Mr. Member-in-Charge.. 57

The Crocodile Hunt—By Henry Runganadhan, III-Hons. Class 61

My Visits During the Christmas Holidays—By N. Srinivasan, III Class 64

University Notes 67

Annamalai University Hostel Day Celebration... 68

Games and Sports 70

University Union Society 72

English Language and Literature Society ... 74

The University Chemical Society 75

The Mathematics Association 76

CONTENTS—(*Contd.*)

THE ANNAMALAI UNIVERSITY SANSKRIT SOCIETY ... 77

PHYSICS SOCIETY 79

TAMIL SOCIETY... 81

UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC CLUB 82

ANNAMALAI UNIVERSITY ANDHRA SANGAM... ... 83

MALAYALEE CLUB 85

THE ANNAMALAI UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY 86

ANNAMALAI UNIVERSITY SOCIAL REFORM CLUB ... 88

ECONOMICS SOCIETY 90

Editorial Board.

Prof. K. M. Khadye.

Mr. S. P. Ragland.

Mr. R. Venkataraman.

Mr. S. Nagarajan.

Editorial.

The year end number of the Miscellancy has its own peculiar difficulties. Examinations are then veritably an obsession with the students, and we wonder whether the staff are altogether unaffected by it. Immersed in their enervating occupation our contributors could hardly afford to have anything like a fair spell of the "happy moments" that are needed for artistic creation. And yet we hope we have been able to secure a fair amount of *stuff* of the right sort.

The University authorities have very nearly ended their labours on the new course for the B.A. and B. Sc. degrees, and we are happy to find that the new scheme, considering the difficulties in its way, has proved to be so eminently satisfactory. We are confident that the Annamalai University degree will henceforth become a really covetable distinction. The degree holder will have attained a real proficiency in two major subjects and a fair command of two languages. It is admittedly the business of University men to disseminate knowledge among the masses, and they can hardly hope to do so unless they have some sort of mastery over the Vernacular. We hope therefore that "the second language" in this scheme proves more often than not to be the Vernacular of the province in which the graduate intends to work. We believe that this is the intention of the authorities, though concessions had to be made to other languages on account of practical considerations. Again, so long as English remains the *lingua franca* of the whole of India

if we do not want to be too provincialised, it is obligatory on University men to express their ideas and emotions in that language. We are glad that the authorities have recognised this truth, and English remains a compulsory subject for both the degrees. The courses in these two compulsory languages are not made too heavy and yet they are not too light either. But when all that can be said for these vehicles of thought is said, the fact remains that the entire scheme stands or falls by the value of the two optional subjects included in it. Every important subject has found a place there and we are sure that the four-paper courses will be fairly exhaustive. English Literature has rightly found a place among the optionals. English Literature is as much a cultural subject as any other, perhaps more so, but occasions are not few when loose thinkers confound Literature with language and look upon English *Literature* as a vehicle of thought ! Happily the authorities have not fallen a prey to such loose thinking and the new optional English course should prove a great success.

The last term has been a regular round of *socials.* But perhaps the most important *social* was the tea given by the Staff club to all the students of the University and the students of the Music College on Sunday the 8th of March. The staff club has been so well managed throughout this year that every member of the staff has felt indebted to its enthusiastic secretary—Dr. B. V. Narayanaswami Naidu, and now that the club could finance this grand function without drawing upon the private resources of its members, we feel sure that the staff will

never allow Dr. Naidu to be relieved of his duties as Secretary.

We shall take this opportunity to wish a *bon voyage* to our beloved Vice-Chancellor, who is going to Europe early in May to represent this University on the British Empire Universities Conference. We look forward to his making some important contribution to the deliberations of that conference and also to his coming over here again in August with renewed energy and vigour.

J. M. Barrie.

The dramatic work of Barrie has aroused a good deal of critical controversy. Even his most hostile critics admit that he is thoroughly familiar with the craft of play-writing. It is the philosophical basis on which his plays are written that has been the target of attack. His adversaries have described him as "simply a purveyor of Maudlin Sentimentality." They deplore his "Flights from the solid ground of every day experience to the thin clouds of whimsy". The fact is that his plays are of unequal merit. For about a third of his plays he has put on the stage one must implore the kindly hand of oblivion, and Barrie deserves credit for his becoming modesty and sense of discrimination in refusing to give most of these the permanence of print. At his worst he falls into mawkishnesss or grotesque exaggeration ; he is often whimsical and even extravagant. But in the best plays of Barrie there is exquisite sensibility and consummate art and he shows himself to be a master of tender pathos and delicate humour. According to W. L. Phelps "he unites the chief qualities of his contemporaries......He has the intellectual grasp of Galsworthy, the moral earnestness of Jones, the ironical mirth of Synge, the unearthly fantasy of Dunsany, the consistent logic of Ervine, the wit of Shaw, the technical excellence of Pinero". Among the modern dramatists he has no rival as a writer of sentimental comedies, nor has any one surpassed him as a technician. His "April weather" style, his fashion of combining sentiment and laughter, the mark of the facile and gleeful artist

left in every one of his plays, these have won for him a secure place in the heart of the theatre goer, and there is no reason to believe that Barrie will not live after he is dead.

Barrie had two distinct careers as a dramatist, the first terminating with 1900. Though some of his early plays won the ready applause of a large audience, they did not evoke the admiration of the critics. Thus Barrie did not make a mark upon the stage up to 1900, so that his enthusiatic admirer J. A. Hammerton said in 1900, " Barrie is not, and is not likely to be, a serious factor in the contemporary drama". Much, however, happened between 1900 and 1921, especially the successful run of " Admirable Crichton", so that in the latter year Bernard Shaw gives credit to Barrie for " the final relegation of the 19th Century London theatre to the dust bin." In fact, all the plays on which Barrie's claim to dramatic greatness rests are the productions of the 20th century, and we shall confine our attention to the latter in our study of the playwright.

One important respect in which the plays of the present age differ from earlier drama is in the prominence attached to the discussion of human problems in the former. The great modern dramatists deal with questions of social, and ethical interest. Shaw intends his plays as vehicles of instruction and he has made the profession of the playwright an efficient means of propaganda. Thus most of the dramatists of the present age are philosophers, men who state certain aspects of life, propound certain problems and create a certain outlook. In this sense, Barrie also may be said to be a philoso-

pher. He has an outlook on the world in general which can be discovered in his plays. But it must not be forgotten that he is not so much of a philosopher as Shaw whose pages are bristling with ideas or Galsworthy who makes a constant appeal to the intellect. Barrie has resolutely refused to indulge in "isms and petrified ideas", he has put forth no formulated disquisitions on human problems. His philosophy is not at all constructive or systematic, it is merely a point of view, and perhaps an expressed opinion for or against; he does not make any remarkable contribution to the problems of human life.

Among the problems which have engaged the attention of modern thinkers, and which have been discussed in modern literature, none is more important or more baffling than the question of marriage. Though Barrie does not tackle this problem in a regular and methodical manner, yet his views can be inferred from many of his plays. For instance, in "Dear Brutus" a midsummer night's fantasy, he emphasises the fact that it is a complete delusion to believe that everything would have been different and our whole life would have been a success if we were afforded a second chance. He sees that married couple get tired of each other, but the second chance would be no better used than the first. Barrie delivers to us this bitter kernel of truth in a half-humorous, half sentimental fantasy. Lob, an eccentric and a little terrrifying kind of host, invites five ladies, Mis Dearth, Mrs. Cade, Mrs. Purdie, Joanna Trout and Lady Caroline Laney, to be present in his house on midsummer night. These poor discontented mortals

wander in a mysterious wood at night and are allowed the choice of the right mate instead of the wrong one, and Barrie represents the result of the second choice. Mrs. Purdie, the real wife who is not loved by her husband in actual life, now becomes the sweetheart of Mr. Purdie, while Joanna whom Purdie in actual life loved is the unhappy wife. Lady Carolina, who in actual life, would marry no one without blue blood in his veins, is now the wife of Matey, the butler, now transformed to a wealthy business man. Mr. Dearth who sighed for a daughter is now blessed with his desired gift, but he leaves her and joins his wife, whom he finds wandering in the wood. Thus all the people feel that their new life is far from satisfactory. The one thing that the wood teaches us is that, (in the words of Purdie) " it is n't accident that shapes our lives....It's not Fate. Fate is something outside us. What really plays the dickens with us is something in ourselves. Something that makes us go on doing the same sort of fool things, however many chances we get." In other words, we are to read 'Dear Audience' for 'Dear Brutus' in Shakespeare's lives.

> " The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars.
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

Closely allied to the problem of marriage is the question of the influence of women on men. His conception of womanhood is very high and noble, and Barrie's feminine characters with a few exceptions are womanhood at its best. In " What every woman knows" Barrie suggests that every man who is high up in life owes his success mainly to his wife. John Shand is a poor destitute young student, desirous of university

education, financed by Alick Wylie on the promise that at the end of his college career he would marry his daughter, Maggie, a girl of no charm, but possessed of extraordinary self confidence and common sense. Six years later, John who has kept his contract, is elected to the Parliament, and he is comfortably established with his wife in a well furnished London house. He shows great promise of a brilliant future, and makes remarkable speeches in the House of Commons. He, however, realises later that it is really the masterly touches given them by Maggie that make them so extraordinarily effective. In course of time John feels bored with his plain and ordinary looking wife, and falls irretrievably in love with the aristocratic, charming young Lady Cybil. Maggie who discovers the situation that has arisen, conceives a unique and very delicate method of curing the truants of their mutual love. With a confidence that appears too sanguine, she arranges that her husband and Lady Cybil shall both be the guests of a common friend of theirs. As Maggie has foreseen, the lovers soon get tired of each other. Lady Cybil retires somewhat hastily, and John realises that she is not so much of an inspiring and fascinating person as he thought, and that he really owed his success in life entirely to his wife. Maggie, who has been watching the result of her experiment soon arrives, and the husband and wife are reunited with a firmer bond of affection. Thus the whole theme of the play is that the successful man owes everything to his wife, and what every woman knows is this fact—that she has in her hands the making or the marring of her husband.

Almost the same low estimate of masculine character is seen in "The Twelve Pound Look", one of the most popular of Barrie's short plays. Harry Sims, a very successful businessman, about to receive the honour of knighthood, is a type of masculine egotism and absurdity, and Barrie mischievously extends the cynical conception of an individual to mankind at large, as we find from the characteristic stage direction with which the play opens. "If quite convenient...you are to conceive that the scene is laid in your own house, and that Harry Sims is you......It pleases us to make him a City man, but (rather than lose you) he can be turned with a scrape of the pen into a K. C-, fashionable doctor, Secretary of State, or what you will." Mrs. Sims is an obedient, submissive lady, afflicted with the success of her great husband. Mr. Sims is in need of a typist, and Kate a cheerful, self-reliant and serene looking woman—"in odd contrast to Lady Sims," Barrie takes care to inform us—offers herself for the post. Harry is amazed and agitated to discover in the typist his divorced first wife who ran away from him. He is stlll more unpleasantly surprised to be told by Kate that she does not admire him, indeed, she was so suffocated (to use her own word) with his constant success, that by her mettle she earned twelve pounds ("That is your value to a woman" she tells him. "If she can't make it she has to stick to you "), bought a typewriter, and ran away from him, to make her own living. Poor Lady Sims who is impressed with the quiet contentment and cheerfulness of Kate, and afflicted with the 'Greatness' of her bumptious husband, poignantly asks him.

Lady Sims. "Are they very expensive?"
Sir Harry. "What"?
Lady Sims. "Those machines."

(When she has gone the possible meaning of her question startles him. The curtain hides him from us, but we may be sure that he will be bland again. We have a comfortable feeling, you and I, that there is nothing of Harry Sims in us.)

The obvious inference from the play is that only the lack of economic independence keeps the average man's wife at his fire side. If only the woman were sure that "those machines" would open the door to her liberty, she would surely run away from her husband, thus depriving him temporarily of a self-complacent consciousness of importance and greatness.

The appalling effect of commercial success is also illustrated in another of his one act plays, "The Will". Barrie with his usual cynicism emphasises the truism that money does not bring happiness and that a moderate income is better than a huge fortune. Philip and Emily, a happy, romantic, unselfish, young couple go to Mr. Devises, the lawyer, requesting him to draw up a will by which all Philip's possessions are to go to his wife after his death. We next see them some years later in a much more prosperous condition, but far less happy making an amended will in view of their great wealth. In the third scene, much later on, again, we see Philip, now a miserable widower, who does not know what to do with his wealth. His son, a rotter, has to be shipped out of the country to escape from criminal prosecution,

his daughter has run away with his own Chauffeur. The father who has devoted his whole life to making money is distracted, and " He goes away ; God knows where." It would be difficult to imagine a more appalling picture of success as it is ordinarily understood.

Next in importance to the problem of marriage only is the question of the distinction of classes in society, and Barrie touches upon this theme in his " Admirable, Crichton", which Max Beebohn calls " the best thing that has happened to the British stage." The Earl of Loam, Loam House, Mayfair, is a widower, philanthropist, and peer of advanced socialistic ideas. Lord Loam gives a monthly tea to the servants of the household to establish equality between the servants and the master and mistresses—his three daughters, typical products of Mayfair, indolent, proud and brainless. None of the servants enjoys this function. And Crichton especially the intelligent, honest, obedient and submissive servant least approves it, for he says, " It disturbs the etiquette of the servant's hall. After last month's meeting the page boy, in a burst of equality, called me Crichton. He was dismissed". Thus, through Crichton, Barrie expresses the view that the people who least want equality are those for whom it is demanded. Lord Loam may be prepared to move on terms of equality with his butler but the latter resents the familiarity of his page boy. In the second Act we are on an uninhabited island where the Loam family, the admirable butler and the maid Tweeny are shipwrecked. The character of Crichton undergoes a complete transformation. The obsequious servant by a slow process becomes the leader of enter-

prises and the master of the party. He proves the truth of what he said on a previous occasion ; " circumstances might alter cases; the same person might not be master ; the same persons might not be servants: Nature would decide for us." Not the least interesting and useful of his performances is the ducking of the Hon. Ernest Woolley (a dealer in *bon-mots* and the aspirant for the hand of one of the daughters of Lord Loam), for every epigram that he makes. The tables are turned, the master and mistresses become the willing servants, and the servant the respected and feared " Gov.". The change is so complete that Lady Mary, the proudest and the most high-browed of the daughters of Lord Loam, is flattered beyond measure by an offer of marriage from Crichton, and the Hon. Ernest Woolley humbly seeks the hand of the kitchen maid Tweeny. But the sojourn on the island is brought to a sudden termination by an act of supreme self-sacrifice on the part of Crichton who voluntarily attracts the attention of a passing ship by means of a mechanical device of his own invention. In the final act we are once again in Loam's House, May-fair, when Lord Loam is once more Lord Loam, and Crichton, the humble butler. The marriage between Lady Mary and Lord Bracklehurst, an empty headed young product of May fair, is arranged. The conclusion of the play is significant.

Lady Mary.—Do you despise me, Crichton ? you are the best man among us.

Crichton.—On an Island, my lady, perhaps, but in England, no.

Lady Mary (not inexcusably).—Then there is something wrong with England.

Crichton.—My lady, not even from you can I listen to a word against England.

Lady Mary.—Tell me one thing, you have not lost your courage.

Crichton.—No, my lady.

(She goes. He turns out the lights.)

Thus Barrie seems to point out that the division into classes is natural and inevitable in a civilised society. Though the lord is prepared to rub shoulders with his domestics, the butler demands respect from the footmen. But if we were to return to nature, conditions would be different. These ideas are clearly set forth by Crichton in several of his speeches. To quote only a few,

" The divisions into classes, my lord, are not artificial. They are the natural outcome of a civilised society. There must always be a master and servants in all civilised communities......for it is natural, and whatever is natural is right."

" Though I were equal to your ladyship, where would be the pleasure to me ? It would be counterbalanced by the pain of feeling that Thomas and John (footmen) are equal to me ".

" If we did (return to nature) my lady, the first thing we should do would be to elect a head. Circumstances might alter cases ; the same person might not be master ; the same persons might not be servants. I can't

say as to that, nor should we have the deciding of it. Nature would decide for us."

"Mary Rose" has evoked a great deal of discussion over its meaning. It is a fantasy of a girl being mysteriously lost on an island at the age of ten, her reappearance after a few days, her marriage and her second loss on the same island at the age of twenty-two, her return after the long interval of a quarter of century, and her final disappearance on the island. The play according to one writer, signifies the fact that "Our sacred childhood is guarded, unless material forces are too much for it, by the spirit of the fairy". According to another, it conveys the message that the "dead should not be mourned unduly." Yet another interpretation is that "Mary Rose" is an apology for spiritualism. It is idle and profitless to search for the significance or symbolism of a play which offers no easy solution of its meaning, supposing that it has got one.

The question of spiritualism which "Mary Rose" is said to deal with is, however, touched upon in another of Barrie's plays. The belief that the spirits of dead persons could be conjured up offered great consolation to the people during the war. In "A Well-remembered Voice", Mrs. Don, the "perfect" mother ostentatious of her grief over the loss of her son who has died in the war, wants to summon up his spirit and converse with him. Though she claims to have established connection with him there seems nothing to suggest that she is successful. The father, on the other hand, who has no faith in spiritualistic methods, is favoured by a spontaneous visit by his son, invisible and inaudible to every one

else. They carry on a very natural conversation, in the course of which the son admits that he has received no messages from his mother. Thus Barrie seems to believe that spirits appear to us not by our, but by their own wish——a very consoling thought, indeed, for otherwise, the dead will be reduced to the condition of mere slaves, obeying every conjuror who may call them up for the most trifling reasons.

Perhaps more important than everything else in Barrie's Philosophy is the importance which he attaches to the absolute value of the child mind. The Child literature of the last few years is something far more than literature for children. In " Peter Pan", the story of the boy who would not grow up, (" So many young women played this part," said J. B. Priestly recently, " that nearly all the young women for ten years were boys who refused to grow up"), Barrie has excelled all the other writers who have used the child medium in art. He has " Stripped off from himself the last flimsy remnants of a pretence to maturity". This play which is " the supreme achievement in imagination of the modern English theatre" and "A Kiss for Cinderella" deal with childhood, its love of adventure, its belief in fairy land, its acceptance of what it is told. Nothing is more touching than the representation of Cinderella the poor drudge, with her pure and unselfish soul, her head full or romantic ideas, dreaming of a ball in Buckingham Palace when the Prince of Wales seeks her hand in marriage. And this fairy land of childlike innocence is so remote from our materialistic world of 'sick hurry and divided aims'

that these plays make an everlasting appeal to what is childlike and innocent in all of us.

Thus we find that though Barrie touches upon many problems of human interest he does not deal with them with the seriousness of a Shaw or Galsworthy. In some plays it is not possible to discover any underlying significance and even when he is dealing with questions of importance, he does not tackle them with single minded seriousness. Very often the element of fantasy is so predominant that the attention of the average reader or theatre goer is diverted from the implied symbolism. " Dear Brutus " is an instance in point, when fancy obscures the meaning. On the whole, therefore, Barrie makes no valuable contribution to the solution of the vital problems of life. He has not the touch of the deep thinker. His philosophy is neither systematic nor constructive. He merely touches on certain aspects of life, and often expresses an opinion for or against.

(to be continued.)

K. P. K. MENON.

A Short Story.

In the high ranges of North Coimbatore there are a good many hills and mountains which start as abruptly as they end, and disappear as suddenly as they begin. One of these, by name Siddiahn Betta, ("Betta", means a hill in Kannada) is the centre round which a legend, more correctly a story, has gathered itself.

Siddiahnpura was the name of a small but flourishing village within two or three miles from Siddiahn Betta. The inhabitants of the place were mostly agriculturists, and the staple crop they raised was "ragi." During years of plentiful rain their yield would be tremendous ; but if the usual rains failed their misery would be equally great. Rudrappa, the village sowcar, was the richest man of the locality. He had vast stretches of land on all the sides of the mountains round the village, and if everything was allright, he would have annually more than five thousand 'kandagas' of ragi in his pits.

But years of plenty were few and far between. Rains had become very disappointing of late, and especially for the past five or six years there were no rains at all. The people in the neighbourhood carried their "basavas" on their heads, singing their mystic song of invocation to the God of rain for a bountiful shower ; each household poured a potful of water on their heads and joined with them in their prayers for rain, but all to no purpose. The skies continued to be clear and unsullied, and not even a small speck of a cloud could be seen. Famine spread all over the neighbourhood ; and horses

and cattle began to die for want of fodder and water. The people also began to leave their homes and villages, and go in search of more fertile places.

* * * *

One morning, a number of hungry-looking people, who seemed as though they hadn't eaten enough for months, came to Rudrappa's house, and begged him to give them at least some "ganji", for they said they were thirsty and starving. Now, this Rudrappa was a simple, honest man who believed in helping the poor and the needy; but circumstances, especially the continued bad harvest for the past many years had reduced his means to such an extent, that he was not in a position to spare anything for them. Not that he was absolutely unable to help them; he could if only he would. He had a few barns full in his house; but he kept them in reserve for contingencies. Still, his heart would not rest quiet, so that he said :—

"My people, how could you expect me to help you when there have been no rains at all these many years? Our prayers to the Gods have been of no avail. It is perhaps years since anyone saw a mist round Siddiahn Betta. When I was a little boy my grand-father used to say, that if there was a mist round the top of Siddiahn Betta enveloping the temple from our sight, then there was sure to be a rain. I myself have observed the phenomena many times, and on all these occasions rain has followed. But it is years since anyone saw even a cloud of smoke round the top of Siddiahn Betta. Oh! if there should be any such mist to-day, then surely I

shall give you enough 'ragi' for " ganji " which will last you for a month. But now, how could you expect me to help you ?".

Now, it was one of the beliefs and traditions of the place, that if there was a cloud of mist on the top of Siddiahn Betta, then ten to one, there would be a good rain. Never had anybody seen any such thing on the hill for the past five years and more. Every morning from the dawn onwards, many people would watch this hill for signs of the coming rain ; but insensible to all their wishes and desires it would start into sight gaunt, bare, and rocky, with dried up shrubs on its sides, and huge boulders on its top, " a load upon their sight". In their grief and misery many of the people even wished, that it didn't ever exist ; but in spite of all their curses it continued to be seen everyday from morning till sunset, without any signs of what the people most yearned for.

Those who had waited on Rudrappa's charity, when they heard all this, said, that surely he would see a mist around, Siddiahn Betta before sunset that day, and departed.

* * * *

It was evening ; the sun had been terribly hot, and the night promised to be equally sultry, for there was no stir in the air. Just then a voice screamed in the still air " Look at Siddiahn Betta ! the mist is falling on it. See! the top is hidden already ! We cannot see the temple ! God be praised ! we shall offer a hundred sheep full well fattened, to Siddiah for this favour !". Immediately everyone was looking towards the hill ; it was unmis-

takable ; they could see the enveloping mist, which like a huge cloud of blue smoke, completely hid the whole hill from view in a very short time. Rudrappa was frantic with joy.. His mind began to calculate the yield of 'ragi' next, reckoning on this rain, which was sure to follow the mist on the top of Siddiahn Betta. He ordered his barns, which he had so carefully preserved till now, to be opened and the corn to be distributed to the afflicted people. Everybody came and received a very generous supply, which would last him for days. All the barns were empty, except those which he kept for his own use for the year.

The evening grew into dusk, and dusk was soon gathered into night. The stars came out brilliantly over the head and shone on. The people of Siddiahnpura never went into their houses that night, for they wanted to see the rain, of which they were quite sure, and watched the heavens for signs of the coming rain. But the knavish stars twinkled on with a roguish wink. The people looked at the hill. It was pitch dark and they couldn't see anything except the dim outlines. They again continued to look at the sky, quite certain of rain. But only the stars met their sight, which twinkled even more mischievously. The night wore on, and still no prospect of any rain. Not even a single star could be missed. But none of the people went to sleep that night. Astronomers could not have watched the heavens more attentively...........The night wore on into the small hours of the morning. Still no signs of any gathering clouds. The east began to whiten, and then to redden and the stars began to disappear one by one ; the

poor sleepless souls thought that clouds had gathered while they were drowsing in one of their sleep fits during the vigil, and had obscured the stars and expected a down pour. But soon the ruddy sun woke them up who had fallen asleep in the street, and they scrambled up to their feet, and rushed madly towads the hill. But no mist they could see. The bare gaunt sides of the hill with its boulders and the tiny temple at the top met their sleepless eyes...................

* * * *

They knew what had happened. Those who had come from the parts afflicted by famine, were to be found nowhere; they had gone away under the cover of darkness.

Some days later one of the shepherds who had gone round the hill found huge files of wood and shrubs burnt to ashes. And putting this fact, and two blue smoke like colour of the mist, and the sudden flight of the people together, they could only too well understand the trick that had been played against them. Poor Rudrappa sank into premature old age, at the shock of the news.

C. R. MYLERU.

" Think of our horror dire dis may !

No croe was there ! th lack-a-day !

A buffalo huge lying dead !

With a silve chain around its head "

Please see page 61.

Recent Trends in Physical Education.

Just a little over a century ago, inspired by the ideal of a united "German Nationality," Freidrich Ludwig Jahn (1778-1852) inaugurated what we now call the "Physical Education" movement. Jahn believed that the hope of German freedom lay in the development of strong, sturdy and fearless youths; and, knowing the great power of games and sports to break down class distinctions and stimulate social democracy, he started the first of the "Turnen," in which the boys could practice, gymnastics and learn to refrain from over-indulgence and intemperance. From Jahn's time to the present day ideas have changed and widened; and physical education is no longer regarded as a mere means of building up muscles; it has now been accepted as the most efficient method of teaching how to live.

The history of this change in the notion of physical education is closely connected with the history of physical education in Europe and America. In its early days, military needs were at the back of this movement in many countries. Denmark is the first country to have taken some real interest in gymnastics and sports, but Denmark was driven to it by her reverses in the Napoleanic period. The association of physical training with military organization continued until recently when (1904) the disadvantages of such a connection were discovered. The traditional aims, methods and theories were not suitable to school conditions and the exercises could not very well form a part of the school curriculum. Since 1904 the Danish Government have started support-

ing private attempts to equip gymnasiums and employ instructors. The recent movement in India has run on parallel lines. Danish ideas have inspired, to a large extent, the British system of physical training. Of Sweden, the same story has to be told. Under Ling, the well-known founder of the Swedish system, Sweden began with the military ideal of participation in gymnastics but evne after the immediate dangers of foreign attacks had disappeared, Sweden continued to foster physical education as a means of increasing national welfare and prosperity. The Swedish system emphasises the "corrective" purpose of gymnastics. In Switzerland and German Swedish ideas have held sway all along and even to-day the Manual of Physical Training for boys is said to be issued by the military department.

In Britain too, the need for physical training was first felt in the army ; but the system as originally adopted, though based on the Swedish and German methods, aimed at combining the benefits of formal drill with those of competitive sports. Under Maclaren (1820-1884) the Government reorganized the system of military gymnastics then in existence. It was Maclaren who first gave publicity to the idea that educational gymnastics was the direct and more important means of improving the physical standards of the British people. But he thought that the much-practised games could not produce a well-balanced organism because "they have not the same corrective effect, many of them are 'one-sided' regular, systematic and progressive results cannot be obtained from them, and the greatest drawback to the use of the games *alone* is, that the weaker and less expert

performer is often discouraged by his want of proficiency and so ends by becoming a looker on." (*Vide* the military manual of Physical Training). It was however found in course of time that Maclaren's system of school exercises was very much like military drill and did not become quite popular. In 1904, the Investigating Committee of Physical Deterioration resolved on the desirability of organizing a scheme of games to supplement a a course of methodical physical training.

In America, the history of physical education begins with the name of Banjamin Franklin. The military idea was never very strong there, but as settlers from Sweden and Germany immigrated into the country, the movement for gymnasiums and turnvereins gained ground. In the beginning, however, muscle-building faddists and circus performers dominated the movement ; and when educational institutions became interested in it, the main object was health. The lead in this direction was given by the Ahmerst College which established a department of Physical Education to give physical instruction to students, to deliver lectures on Hygiene and allied topics and to watch closely over the general health of students. The Ahmerst College was also the first to build a gymnasium of the modern type. Recently the emphasis in physical education in the Universities and colleges has shifted from gymnastic exercises to games. In most of these institutions compulsory courses are given to the first and second year students and games are encouraged with a view to provide 'Athletics for all' and to detract from the 'play to win' spirit and to emphasise the value of exercise from the point of view of personal welfare.

Advances in physical education in America during the last ten years have been rapid and startling. Educational experts have seen the oneness of the mind and body, and colleges and public schools and state departments of education are organising physical education as an integral part of the curriculum. In 1929 alone, it is estimated that a sum of over $250 million was spent for equipment besides $50 million for instruction. The new physical education curriculum is built on the needs and interest of pupils at the various age or maturity levels, not merely upon the adoption of some national system of education, or the limitation of some institutional scheme.

The recognition of the educational value of physical instruction is comparatively speaking very recent. Even to-day in countries like India where educational theories are hard to change, authorities have been slow to give physical education any credit in the curriculum ; and old concepts and aims have still a strong hold on the minds of administrators as well as educationists for in their eyes physical activity is yet merely a means to the making of a soldier, and physical training but a method to develop a big chest and bulging biceps. The value of physical education in the way of health, character, sportsmanship, personality and good citizenship is not actually denied ; and yet they would insist on the fads and fancies of fifty years ago, and emphasise the rapidly disappearing idea of making the citizen physically fit to become a fighting soldier.!

The new ideal of physical education which has found favour in many countries of the West aims at using physical training and games not merely for the purpose

of achieving health and improving the now 'physically degenerate (?) man' but of *developing* the individual and teaching him the better and more efficient way to live. Prof. Williams a well known exponent of the new ideas aptly defines the aim of physical education to be "to provide skilled leadership and adequate facilities that will afford an opportunity for the individual or group to act in situations that are physically wholesome, mentally stimulating and socially sound." Expressed more definitely the 'objectives' of physical education are described to be :

(1) The development of the organic systems of the individual through physical activitities so as to ensure vitality, health, strength and power, and secure a power over life by thus attaining a high level of functioning.

(2) The development of the Neuro-muscular systems in general, particularly in relation to control over certain fundamental skills, inclusive of skills for leisure time activities, skills for safety and artistic skills (dancing, for instance.)

(3) The development of certain attitudes towards physical activity, particularly towards play that will help to satisfy inner urges and impel the individual to engage in recreative forms of activity.

(4) The development of social and moral standards of conduct by means of wholesome play activity that offers continual chances for the expression of all those traits of character that go to make a sportsman.

These aims were differently and more fully formulated in 1920 by the Society of Directors of Physical

Education in Colleges in U. S. A. in the following way :

" 1. If we conceive the perfecting of the individual in his social relations to be of greater importance than more purely personal values we may well begin our list of aims with certain qualities developed by appropriate group activities, particularly games and athletic sports, practiced under favourable conditions. It is through these agencies that the child and youth most readily and naturally acquire habits of obedience, subordination, self-sacrifice, co-operation and friendliness, loyalty, capacity for leadership, ability to lose without sulking and win without boasting, a spirit of fair play, and all that is implied in the word sportsmanship.

" 2. Other qualities of marked, though indirect, significance to the community are self-confidence and self-control, mental and moral poise, good spirits, alertness, resourcefulness, decision and perseverence, courage, aggressiveness, initiative. These traits, developed by the farm life and varied home activities of an earlier age, must now be insured through other means than those which the average family can itself supply.

" 3. Underlying such aims must be the purpose to promote normal growth and organic development of the individual, conserve his health and provide a fair degree of strength and endurance, and to secure an erect and self-respecting carriage of the body and the neuro-muscular control required for prompt and accurate response and graceful and effective movements. Emergencies should be anticipated by training in exercises of which swimming may be taken as a type, and by others which

accustom one to bear physical punishment coolly and to defend himself succesfully.

"4. But the teacher's vision should not be bounded by the limits of the school or college or university period. To engender in youth an intelligent and healthful interest that shall lead to life-long practice of forms of active exercise which favour not only a continued high level of physical efficiency, but also mental sanity and stimulating social contact is certainly not the least service he may seek to render." (*Vide* Leonard, and MeKenzie : "History of Physical Education.")

In an up-to-date and forceful system of physical education, the programme has necessarily to be quite comprehensive. The increase in the equipment for physical education affords the chance of instruction in the various sports as well as in the specialized forms of gymnastics. We have already seen that one of the main aims is to study individual needs and conditions. Personal welfare is taken care of, and the quality of work to be done by the student is assured, by the preliminary and successive medical examination and by instruction in technique. A good organization provides (1) for sport that can be organized and enjoyed, sport that can stand the individual in good stead in after school days (2) for the development of the group spirit that will be continued in professional or business life ; lastly it provides scope (3) for the joy of activity for itself, so that the individual will from what he gains from his individual play, later seek expression in active recreation apart from his work.

A comprehensive programme of physical education usually provides for :—

1. Medical and physical examination inclusive of corrective classes and follow-up work.

2. Instruction in hygiene of living, detection of illness, treatment and sanitary safeguards.

3. Gymnastic work and drill for the qualities they offer.

4. Athletics, especially of the Intramural type tending to encourage the participation of the whole student body, inclusive of efficiency tests, swimming and defensive exercises.

5. Games, inclusive of group games.

6. Dancing and rhythmic exercises of an artistic type.

In this group of activities, the aim is usually to reach the whole body of undergraduates in the college or the University. The " Athletics for all " cry has led to the system of mass instruction and the elimination of the over-specialized team, hitherto a danger to clean sports. There is at present therefore a better chance of equipping a great majority of students with well-conditioned bodies and athletic skill. With a comprehensive programme of the kind briefly outlined here, the objectives of physical education (recreation, social contacts, the group spirit, carry-over interests, bodily prowess to meet the emergen-

cies of modern life with confidence, self-assurance and personality, built-up energy calculated to benefit scholarship, etc.) are more likely to be gained now than it was possible in the old days when blind tradition and limited interests were at the basis of all physical training system.

L. K. GOVINDARAJULU.

The Fatal Fault.

Ganesh got up early from bed-as early as five o'clock. why ?—The results of the Inter. Examination were to be published, that day. He was a brilliant student, good in all subjects. And he was studying in the Presidency College, Madras. He expected, and rightly too, a first class. "Who would get a first class if Ganesh does not," was his professors' favourite maxim.

After bathing, he drank his milk and sat down in a chair near the gate trying to enjoy the cool breeze and the splendid sight of the rosy dawn that heralded the sunshine. But how could he really enjoy it when his thoughts were with the paper boy that brought The Madras Mail ? How could he enjoy it—he who lay all night on a sleepless pillow thinking of the break of day, the paper boy, The Madras Mail, and Inter. Examination results ?

Good Lord ! It is six o'clock and no paper boy, no Madras Mail ! Five minutes (to him five weary ages) passed. Still no paper boy, no Madras Mail !—the paper that would be found on the floor fresh every morning as early as half past five. There is something wrong with it (may be so it was). Another five minutes. Another and yet another five ! No Madras Mail ! No paper boy ! Ganesha's heart gave way to despair. The more willing, anxious, passionate and less composed he was, the less willing, the more dallying and trying was the paper to come into his unfortunate hands. Bright and brilliant as he was, he was not exempt from all the ills

and miseries that flesh and mind are heir to. And no wonder he showed signs of fear. Six twenty five! No Madras Mail !!! The very lateness forebode something in no way good for Ganesh.

It was half past six—thirty minutes past six—full one hour past the usual time. Thank God ! The wretched paper boy made his appearance at the gate with his still wretched paper—wretched—so at least it proved to our dear Ganesh. His left eye throbbed ; he stumbled ; he fell, his cloth got loose ; a child, impish and mischievous set up a loud cry as if the heavens themselves would fall down ; cries of distress and moans of misery struck his headless ears; a silly villainous cat crossed his sacred path ; he felt as if the solid earth had given way beneath his feet ; such was the state of things when Ganesh dashed towards the paper boy. The next moment he was receiving The Madras Mail imprecating curses upon the poor youth for being late. The trembling boy thrust it into Ganesha's eager hands and made the best of his way roadward. The paper slipped from his hands and fell on the greedy ground which, wet with the shower before the break of day imprinted her kisses, till the paper blushed scarlet. This combined with all the above things proved that coming events cast their shadows before.

" Trying paper," Ganesh cried as he turned over the pages. Tenth page, University of Madras. Results of the Inter. Examination held in March, First class Nos. 1, 2, 7, 9, 11, 15............"Gracious heavens! No. 10 not in the first class ! I don't get a first class ! I who in

the opinion of my professors had a good chance to stand Presidency first ! Why, strange it is ! Nos. 1,2,15 far below me in intelligence—and only just half as hardworking as I, have come out in the first class-while I. I. I.,..... Father !. Oh my Heavenly Father ! It is too hard for me to put up with this. Let me see ; let me see ; let me see ; the useless second class. Second class No. 8, 14, 16,18,25........., " Wretched Fate ! Cruel Fate ! You monster fate with not even a ray of mercy ! My number, my dear and sacred No. 10 not here ! Not even here ! No, not even in the second class !" Thrice he looked carefully into it with wide eyes each rubbed at intervals with his trembing hands and thrice he failed to find his number, his dear No. 10. He looked and looked and looked. It was clear as crystal—he has failed. No. 10 not found ! no, not even in the list of those who have passed in two parts. Then he has failed in two parts—and what is worse perhaps in all the parts " No, impossible ! There is something wrong with the paper or my eyes." Gone, he thought, gone for ever, it is gone ; my hopes of standing Presidency first, why, it has ended in smoke ! Gone, my ambition of taking up honours......... Physics or Chemistry, or better still my wish of joining the Engineering College. Gone, my desires of becoming a great man, a man who would move mountains. Gone, my object of budding forth into a matchless scientist. Gone, my longing to become a maker of history, a moulder of destiny and a leader of men. It is all castles in the air. Now I see me in my true colours, weak helpless and worthless ! Oh God ! Inscrutable are thy ways. I pray, help me, me who have placed

his faith in thee and thee alone. "Lead, kindly light amidst encircling gloom, lead thou me on." That apart, crest-fallen am I. How am I to face my friends, professors, the wide, wide world, and especially my father and mother who have centred their hopes on me? The world is too shameful for me to live in—live after failing horribly in the examination. Death is better than shame. I will...I must...I should......do what?—die—put an end to my shameful life here on earth once for all—rather poison myself." Such was the sad reflection, such the prayer and such the determination—rash or otherwise—of Ganesh as he sat in the chair, paper in hand, the sun sending his golden but pitiless beams straight across his face.

He threw the paper in disgust went in, quietly, put on his coat and took a five rupee note from his purse and made for the apathecary's—the man he knew so well. He enterd into secret conversation with his friend which lasted full fifteen minutes and returned contended with an unlabelled bottle containing something. On the way there was an avenue of trees. Unseen by any one he here emptied the contents of the bottle into his anxious mouth with his ready hands and gulped it down. It was fairly sweet, partly sour and a little bitter. "I need have no fear," he thought, "it would kill me before to-morrow morning—at any rate, before noon, as the chemist said, without giving me much pain"! Returning home he had such a burning hunger and thirst that he ate and drank half as much again as usual. This he thought was due to the poison which had taken effect and within 24

hours he was sure he would be a dead man—free from all care and far beyond the reach of shame. He now burnt the detested sheet partly to quench his anger and partly or more so to prevent his father from seeing it. Alas! poor man—the father was not in a position then to look into it. All that we know is that he who was healthy and had complete control of reason till early in the morning was not so after eight. Fortunately no friend of his peeped in to break the sad news to his innocent mother.

Having prayed all the evening he directed his steps to the temple and once more offered his sincere prayers (the last perhaps) to god begging pardon for the rash act he was forced to commit. He returned home and slept.

The paper came—The Madras Mail! The mad but anxious father snatched it with unsteady hands. Scanning wearily through the paper he caught sight of "A serious mistake" "We regret that in the results of the Inter. Examination, published yesterday we failed to insert No. 10 in the first class. This we learn, is the number of the brilliant student who stands first in the Presidency, and gets distinction in all subjects and sets up a new record.'

At this the father's joy can more easily be imagined than described. He hurried to his son's room to tell him the glad news.

Whom the gods love die young!

S. K. Y.

"Abraham Lincoln".

John Drinkwater's " Abraham Lincoln " is a noble interpretation of one of the greatest figures in American History. Next to George Washington—and perhaps President Wilson—he is the best known of American Presidents. The play was published on the eve of the Armistice when the name of Wilson had given a new fragrance to the thoughts of democracy and liberty ; and the first faint shadow of the problems that puzzled the world after Versailles can be traced here also. In this play, the dramatist does not try to propound any political or historical theory ; he is only concerned "with the profoundly dramatic interest of his character, and with the *inspiring example of a man who handled war nobly and with imagination.*" Hence, he focusses our attention on a few revealing moments in the life of this high souled hero—the Election, the Declaration of War, the Proclamation of the Abolition of Slavery, the Last Speech—and dramatised them so as to bring out the true greatness of this distinguished son of America. As occasions arise he has also taken care to point out the right attitude which a clear-eyed, great-hearted soul takes towards a war which he regards as a painful necessity imposed on mankind by the short-comings and weaknesses of men.

Abraham Lincoln was a noted lawyer in the state of Illinois. He spent there ' fifty fameless years ' but was never known to be 'Crooked once'. He had been offered the Governership of Oregon but he declined it. Now, in 1860, the question of slavery had caused a split between North and South and the nation wanted at the helm of

affair's a man who possessed their complete confidence. None seemed to them more fitted for the task than Abe. Lincoln ; and the great man fully realised that it was his mission to preserve the union—with war if necessary—and thus save his motherland from disaster. The first scene of the play shows us Lincoln on the day that the Republican delegation waits on him with the request that he should accept their nomination for Presidentship. Splits in the democratic camp made it almost an offer of the Presidential chair. The nature of the man stands revealed when his friends touch on John Brown's illegal attempt to force the question of slavery ' ye cannot do the right thing the wrong way ' he says ; the end cannot justify the means ; almost an echo of the voice of a prophet of our own time. They make the offer ; but recognising the importance of the occasion he asks the deputation to reconsider their proposal and himself withdraws for a few moments. He does not clutch at power--this hero to whom the call has come and the hour. He knows he lacks the graces of manners and person which they valued at New York. An earnest, sincere, simple soul he does not care for dress : his battered hat has seen many campaigns and his pockets are always crammed with papers. Fully aware of his limitations he wants to give his visitors an opportunity to discuss freely any unfavourable impressions they might have formed after seeing him. The characteristic delicacy of the man wins the hearts of the members ; and they unanimously offer him the nomination which he accepts deliberately and seriously, meaning to carry out his task as if it were a sacred trust.

Abraham Lincoln is not merely great-hearted ; he is bold, far-sighted and prompt in deed. This we realise when he is confronted with the question of the evacuation of Fort Sumter and with it that of war with the South. Gifted with the true vision of real greatness he alone sees clearly the importance of the occasion. Seward, his secretary, does not see it but thinks that he is wiser than his chief. Some Commissioners of the Confederates try to flatter Seward into persuading the President to withdraw the Northern forces from Fort Sumter which was then being beseiged by the South. They tell Seward that the South had no desire for secession but that they only wanted to establish their right to secede ; that the incalculable horrors of war could be averted by a little patience and accommodation if only they would withdraw from Fort Sumter. Taken in by their compliments Seward promises to speak to the President about it when suddenly and unexpectedly they find Lincoln himself amongst them. He had caught them in the very act of carrying on negotiations behind the back of the Head of the Government. By a few straight questions he gathers the object of their visit and quite clearly and pitilessly he exposes the sinister nature of their mission. The real question was not secession but slavery. Ashamed and outwitted they listen to his words. " Many people in this country want abolition ; many don't. Every man whether he wants it or not knows that it may come. The South knows abolition may come, and it wants to avoid it. It wants more : it wants the right to extend the slave foundation. We've all been to blame for slavery, but we in the North have been willing to

mend our ways. You have not. So you'll secede and make your own laws. But you weren't prepared for resistance ; you don't want resistance. And you hope that if you can tide over the first crisis and make us give way, opinion will prevent us from opposing you with force again, and you will be able to get your own way about the slave business by threats. That's your case. You did not say so to Mr. Seward, but it is."

Every one present realises that Lincoln is right. He tells them quite clearly that the right to secession cuts at the very root of the Union and that he would not permit it. " We won't break up the Union and you shan't." If they demurred and had recourse to arms, their's is the responsibility. He did not want war. " We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, do not allow it to break our bonds of affection." He asks the representatives to communicate this answer to their leaders. On their stubborn refusal to raise the seige Lincoln is faced with the responsibility of deciding on war. Though Seward had worked behind his back Lincoln takes him in hand and convinces him of his mistake and tells him that he (Lincoln) knew throughout what Seward was doing. Seward is dumb-founded and literally swept off his feet when Lincoln adds : " You can bring great gifts to this Government, with your zeal, and your administrative experience, and your love of men. Don't spoil it by thinking I've got a dull brain." He is cowed and conquered but is too proud to support Lincoln's policy. Coolly, quickly, quietly the great man meets his cabinet

and in spite of their adverse votes, decides to reinforce Fort Sumter and hold it to the last man. Dilatory methods would not avert war. " To speak plainly to the world in standing by our resolution to hold Fort Sumter with all our means, and in a plain declaration that the Union must be preserved, will leave us with a clean cause, simply and loyally supported. *I tremble at the thought of war*. But we have in our hands a sacred trust. It is threatened. We have had no thought of aggression. We have been the aggressed. Persuasion has failed, and I conceive it to be our duty to resist." Well had Lincoln justified that day the confidence of his countrymen when they placed him on the Presidential chair. When the hour came, there it found the man ready.

For two years the whole land had been ' locked in the furious close of civil butchery.' Two years of darkness pass ; still Lincoln is firm and compassionate, pitiful and high-hearted. The dramatist reveals Lincoln's high and suffering soul and at the same time delivers his most powerful blow at the war-fiends in the next scene where he presents to us Mrs. Goliath Blow and Mrs. Otherly, two ladies of opposite natures who call upon the President. Mrs. Blow is a fussy, stupid, ' Society woman', coarse, heartless and unthinking. She declares that those monsters in the South should be stamped out and hopes that the President will not become weary of the war. She talks of sacrifices while declaring that her husband could not be spared from his work as a Government Contractor. She is all for revenge and no quarter. Mrs. Otherly is a thoughtful and gentle woman who is

opposed to the war altogether. Mildly and diffidently she presents her case before Lincoln. He understands her and sympathises with her, but maintains that sometimes war becomes a duty. War is no doubt wrong: It is the weakness and the jealousy and the folly of men that make a thing so wrong possible. But even the best have an instinct to resist aggression if it won't listen to persuasion. Those who hate aggression must always and earneslty try to persuade men against it. But sometimes there arise circumstances when the aggressors force the instinct to resistance to act. " Then we must act earnestly, praying always in our courage that never again will this thing happen. And then we must turn again, and again, and again to persuasion. *This appeal to force is the misdeed of an imperfect world. But we are imperfect.* We must strive to purify the world. When I had this thing to decide, it would have been easy to say, " No, I will have none of it ; it is evil, and I will not touch it ! But that would have decided nothing, and I saw what I believed to be the truth as I now put it to you, ma'am." This is Lincoln's answer to Mrs. Otherly ; and this is also Drinkwater's answer to the Pacifists and Passive Resisters. Words fail Lincoln when the lady is grieving for the loss of her only son, who enlisted against her will. *She* does not talk of sacrifice. Lincoln takes a tender leave of her praying her to think kindly of him. Not so his parting with Mrs. Goliath Blow. He has for her ' contempt and slight regard, anything that may not misbecome the mighty speaker'! He rejects her proferred hand and says:" I don't agree with you, and I'm ashamed of you and your like. You, who

have sacrificed nothing, babble about destroying the South while other people conquer it. I accepted this war with a sick heart, and I've a heart that's near to breaking every day. I accepted it in the name of humanity, and just and merciful dealing, and the hope of love and charity on earth. And you come to me talking of revenge and destruction, and malice, and enduring hate. Persons such as you dishonour the cause for which we stand ; you would make it a mean and little thing. Good Afternoon !"

The question of abolition next engages Lincoln's attention. In this grave issue also the decision had to be taken by himself alone. His high heart and sure vision shine out here too as in everything else. As long as there was no chance of enforcing his views he spoke not of abolition. But when the tide of war turned in his favour he proclaimed unconditional emancipation of all slaves within a period of three months. To his cabinet he addressed these words : " For long now I have had two fixed resolves. To preserve the Union and to abolish slavery. How to preserve the Union I was always clear. We have fought for the Union, and we are now winning for the Union. When and how to proclaim abolition I have all this time been uncertain. I am uncertain no longer. A few weeks ago I saw that, too, clearly. So soon, I said to myself, as the rebel army shall be driven out of Maryland, and it becomes plain to the world that victory is assured to us in the end, the time will have come to announce that with that victory and a vindicated Union, will come abolition. I made the promise to

myself and to my Maker. The rebel army is now driven out, and I am going to fulfil that promise."

He pleads earnestly for their support, but voices of discord are not entirely absent. Seward has been entirely converted : 'We've learnt by now that the President is the best man among us.' However, Hook opposes and pleads for delay not because of honest motives but simply because of his thirst for authority. Lincoln detects him, takes him unawares as he had done Seward, and coolly takes in his resignation.

After four years of bloodshed and civil war victory is in sight. At the moment of triumph Lincoln is kind and compassionate. He feels for the loss of thousands of his countrymen and sternly sets his face against a policy of reprisals. He grants generous terms to the enemy and is hailed by his countrymen as the saviour of his nation. After many weary voyagings the ship of state has safely reached the shore.

> The ship has weather'd every wrack,
> the prize we sought is won
> The port is near, the bells I hear, the people
> all exulting.

But the Captain's lips are pale and still ; the lips which uttered the resounding words about, 'the Government of the people, by the people, for the people' have been silenced for ever by the fanatic John Wilkes Booth. Lincoln is shot dead in the theatre.

In these striking scenes John Drinkwater has presented to us the character of the great hero. He does not delight, like Shaw, in paradoxes, nor is he a 'breaker of

idols'. He has tried to picture to us clearly, and realistically the life of a great American. Popular imagination always delights to deify its heroes; while self-conscious writers with self-imposed missions sometimes go out of the way to minimise the greatness of ordinary favourites. John Drinkwater has kept the straight and narrow path of truth without either turning aside into the temple of hero-worship or falling into the pit of iconoclasm. According to the dramatist Lincoln is a strong, modest man gifted with a far-sighted vision denied to his fellows, and he himself realises that he has a great mission in life. "Providence has brought me to the leadership of this country, with a task before me greater than that which rested on Washington himself." Nevertheless Lincoln hears patiently all sides of a question and sets about his task humbly and prayerfully. Left alone for a moment after the acceptance of the candidature, he kneels down in prayer to the Almighty who had called him for a great task in the hour of a nation's need. Here we come face to face with a man who had the vision to see great issues, the wisdom to understand them, and the courage to carry them through in spite of disunion and disloyalty. His mind is made up both about the question of secession and also about the question of slavery. But he recognises that true statesmanship lay in being loyal to a principle without betraying it by expressing it in action at the wrong time. His courage is untainted with severity, his statesmanship unsullied by cunning. At the moment of victory he is generous; at the moment of suffering, sympathetic. The simple greatness of his character rises to proportions nothing short of sublimity in the pages of

Drinkwater. The dramatist wins a rare triumph when at the same time he is able to picture this man as one among us with his little difficiencies in dress and petty mannerisms of speech -- in short as a man whom we may any day see walking down the street. And he walks and moves and has his being in a world full of ordinary men and women -- a garrulons and self-important wife, a commonplace but devoted serving woman, kind-hearted neighbours, senators and publicists, and that vast hornets' nest of scheming and intrigue which goes by the name of political supporters.

Since the days of Carlyle and Greene we have learnt in theory to look upon historical personages as men of flesh and blood who inhabited our own earth ; but if remained for Shaw and Drinkwater to realise this ideal. 'The Man of Destiny', 'Caesar and Cleopatra', 'St. Joan,' 'Oliver Cromwell' 'Mary Stewart' and 'Abraham Lincoln' succeed completely in making us realise that historical characters do not belong to a separate and glorified world of a remote past but are of the earth earthy, just folk like us who had their own great moments and many more little moments.

A. C. SUBRAHMANYAN.

" We were then beaten black and blue
Our clothes in taffers-hats gone too ! "

Please see page 63.

The Measured Malice of Music.

I have no ear...........................

Perhaps, reader, you are not an incurious one: though curiosity and anticipation are not the strong points of modern man, in spite of all he might boast of his scientific investigation and scientific exploration. Perhaps, you are one of those who are anxious, to behold and enjoy a strange thing—an anomaly and an imperfection in the work of Nature, the most mechanized of the forces at work in this Machine-age. Perhaps, you are not a mute inglorious one who would pass over things, even over exiciting things, in silence and with indifference. Reader, you may be one of those who rush to the end of the text to see who has written it, that you might behold a man in his senses, who—has no ear.

But, I hope none would mistake me.

No one who has gone through that admirable chapter in Charles Lamb can ever mistake me and classify me with those creatures who fall short of human perfection by the lack of that noble classic appendage. No one, once he has read that piece can afford to forget this piece. It was my fortune lately to go through it,—for the how—manieth time I don't distinctly remember. It is ever so old to me, ever so new. I cannot say how the prodigal felt on his return home; but his feeling must have been much akin, I am sure, to the feeling I have when I take Lamb at about the middle of the chapter. That portion of the book has been so over-worked by me that whenever I take my copy of the "Essays of Elia" it

opens spontaneosly at that page—Page 169 in my edition, (I may add in a whisper that at times it refuses to open there and opens at 199 or 111, or for the matter of that at any other page: but to a sane man this incoherence should not matter), I open the book (of course, *this* time, I have got it correct, page 169) and read. " I am constitutionally susceptible of noises. A carpenter's hammer in a warm summer noon will put me into more than mid-summer madness. But those unconflected, unset sounds are nothing to the measured malice of music."

Music, ordinarily considered a specific against insomnia and dulness, is in my case always an irritant. I listen with a mixture of indignation and irritation to the curious, caustic cadences of music. The measured malice; measured malice; that is more than I can bear. It makes *me*—me the staunchest exponent of things in general and the 'bestness' of individuals in particular—it makes me—tired of life. I would dare the heavens to be rid of it.........Nay, Nay three times Nay. Heaven is said to be a place of harmony and music, of angelic choir and chorus. I have no idea of angelic music. If I had but the least inkling that it would be something like, remotely even, like the angelic music of this earth, I wonder how any self-respecting man could live there. (And I may add in a confidential aside that my friends and neighbours do all assert, of course among themselves and in secret that I will never go to heaven, because I read Nietzsche and quote him whenever there is occasion —not indeed that they, my—heaven deniers, know anything of Nietzsche himself or of his teachings.

What Sterne once said of criticism, may with the greatest justice be said of music. "Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world, tho' the cant of folly is the worst the cant of music is the most tormenting." Even the extremest amongst the stoics can never hope to survive this torture when he is in his right senses. From end to end, from head to tail of the world serpent, from branch to root of the world tree, the people seem to have sealed a compact—as irrevocable as the decisions of the umpire in sports, or of the Most Exalted God-in-Council—for heaven itself is a democracy we may be sure, amongst themselves they have come to an understanding that they should suffer with patience and as far as possible with cheerfulness the miseries inflicted by music. (What a waste of determination and purpose were here?) Nay, they do more; they praise music and its effects in braying union—a long-eared chorus! They *are* long-eared, Midas-eared. I am (now! Oh, curious reader) earless compared to them: less wholesome perhaps from a long eared point of view, but all right so far as I know. Such ears are better—off than on; against the laws of nature and the loss of hearing you may set the lack of assiness. I would be earless if ears were meant to be for such. God, God, to what ignominy twist they Thy purposes. I wonder if thou didst intend ears for music. And if you had,...... ! ! !

Now am I stranded with not even a God by me...... Let me look with gratitude on my fellow-tortured Lamb, and that other sage Carlyle complaining not indeed of music, but of all noise and sound so ever. "What a

waste of energy" cried Carlyle, in the midst of an Opera. And more energy than usual was wasted in the additional action of hooting him out. (I hope none would find fault with me for this episode; for it is reported with some historic untruth and inaccuracy.) No, Carlyle is not our fit companion with his strange gospel of silence. No, we require something stranger; wise Lamb with his gospel (Now, was it a gospel ?) of garrulity and of the ever-rolling tongue.

A whole pack of wolves takes to howling: what can a poor individualist, granting that such an one were possible, even among the wolves, what can he do? Only howl out that it is not his nature to howl. Truly "what a waste of energy"; one grand Shakespearean Tragedy of life. Shooting Niagara is more economical than the musicians; and of course it has no need to be. The sub-ways of New York, we are told, make less noise and spend much less energy: the sub-ways so vividly described in the following lines. "A ton of coal on a sheet of tin, a prolonged dynamite explosion blended with the voice of some great cataract"........

I am a man of few regrets. And yet it is remarkable that what I most regret is in connexion with music. And probably this regret too combines to make music so insufferable to me. I regret most that day, when I refused to sing in company; for, then, I could have given the assembled appreciators of music, my music, hot and cold, that they might have from that day onwards, dis-avowed their passion for music. For according to the old saying a scalded cat fears the fire.

I can't but hold in contempt the countless audiences and individuals that soak passively in this tepid bath of non-sense. That is it. These are contemptible, these singers and their appreciators..................These people sing. Yes, they do. The asses sing ; the dogs sing ; the horses sing ; and the unoiled machines sing ; every man— made and god-made thing sings and praises song in concert. And man sings with them ; the whole creation. Melody, sweetness; not the honey of the bee : that is bitter but the sting that is its sweetness : music songs.

To hell with the lot of them and the musicians too. Throat-work : Throat-work : Throttle tem.

K. N. S. MANYAM.

The Trials of Mr. "Conductor."

I

Hurrah ! Drama. The magic of it ! Students assemble in large numbers in the Assembly Hall. The club's harmonium peals forth its renascent notes, after a long year's respite. A bable of young throats bursts forth in songs of different pitches. A poor plain man—Mr. Conductor ; his vanity is fairly tickled. The play is chosen ; the parts ars assigned, and the cast is complete. Music bursts forth once again in profusion and everybody looks immensely pleased. Vows and resolutions in plenty to do or to die ! All succumb to the wiles of Apollo. The crowd disperses late in the night.

The first scene of the first Act opens after a week's delay, in the economics-lecture room. The invisible drop is drawn up. Coffee is passe d round, and betel and nuts are chewed to heart's content. Each man has a joke or a witticism for every other man. Suddenly Mr. conductor affects seriousness and calls attention. The throats gurgle down and silence is effected. The first shock of Mr. Conductor's ! No-body has got any portion by heart. The rehearsal is read through indifferently. The whole of the first Act which lasts for a week, consists in a reptition of the same gentle shock. At the end of the Act, Mr. Conductor feels his heart with the palm of his left hand. The redeeming features of the first Act are the inevitable coffee and the chew.

The second Act opens with some stirring events. The king absents himself without notice, on items of

14773

miscellaneous private affairs. The queen departs to Kumbakonam to meet her numerous relatives. The queen's maid is down with the flu. The palace guard and the purohit have disagreed and want to back out. The rest feel either indifferent or philosophical. Only the fisherman and Mr. Conductor are serious about their jobs. The infallible coffee is passed round, and the silent hotel boy extends his benign sympathy to poor Mr. Conductor, Now and then a college peon relieves the monotony of the situation by adroitly peeping in to give Mr. Conductor and his company his unspoken feelings. Mr. Conductor has an emotion but suppresses it. Again it appears and again it is repressed. Then follows an abstract lecture on Responsibility, Dignity and Honour (all in bold capitals) addressed to nobody in particular. The air seems to hang heavy. The hotel boy and the college peon safely back out. Some even glean faint traces of a distant thunder and lightning. Mr. Couductor wakes up and flourishes his wand. More time and freedom are given for preparation. Three-days interval is declared before the commencement of the third Act.

The third Act begins with the announcement of a gold medal. Gold has its miraculous effect and the result is tremendous. The king applies for exemption from all class examinations—more applications for exemption from examinations. The queen hurries back suddenly from Kumbakonam. The Purohit and the palace guard quickly patch up their quarrel. The fisherman takes a vow to fish out the gold for himself and his poor family. Mr. Conductor looks mightily pleased, and drinks three

cups of coffee and chews half-a-dozen times. Only the queen's maid is cursing her 'flu feverishly, alone, in her room in the hostel. But the non-chalant sage goes on counting his beads as well as ever.

The drama is set to music and parts are soon got by heart. Prose and verse begin punctually at 5 p.m., and last till very late in the night. Mr. Conductor looks mysterious and tries to initiate the young novices into those dangerous and unfathomable depths of dramatic action and exits. The hotel boy is completely lost sight of except for his coffee, and the visitations of the college peons become a normal affair. Mr. Conductor entertains a notion that the whole university hangs upon his feeble shoulders, although Mrs. Conductor begs to differ from him, every night at 10-30 p. m., at their residence. Mr. Conductor has the *asides* done at home every night to the rude shock of Mrs. Conductor, Master Conductor and the pious neighbours around. He sings songs and rehearses the action for himself till the dead of night. Mrs. Conductor recounts half-a-dozen cases of death in quick succession at the railway level crossing during dark nights and finishes the flourish with a vague threat of a possible divorce even according to the Hindu Law of marriage. The loyalists of the local municipality, in pursuance of sections 104 and 708 of the Local Municipal Act, sanction the issue of an extradition order. Only two days more for the final show. Mr. Conductor feels desparately optimistic. So too the king, the queen and their noble retinue, who, by the by, have all pinned their faith on Peps during the last two days.—Here ends the third Act.

The memorable day of the fourth Act. The night is fast approaching. The college clock strikes eight. How it happened will ever remain a mystery to the curious public of our place. The normal jester of the troupe turns turtle and becomes invisible. Mr. Conductor becomes Mr. Jester at the last moment. The hall is packed to the full and there is a hellish noise all round. The drop is drawn apart. At first there is only a sort of pantomime on the stage. Mr. Conductor alias Mr. Jester feels sinking down through the stage and is quite sure that some political riot is going on, to be followed by a bonfire at the end. Now a peal of laughter bursts forth followed by applause. Mr. Conductor feels once again poor mother Earth. Gradually the actors become visible and audible and exert their best to please the audience. Nothing untoward happens except perhaps a case of sorethroat or two which solidify music in the epiglottis. The audience move alternately to laugh, to applaud and to giggle. The last scene of the last Act is over, and the drop is down.

With a palpitating heart Mr. Conductor, looks, beseechingly toward the judges and then to the V. C. He observes or seems to observe a faint trace of smile and warm approbation on their faces. He feels that his task is done and is now prepared to 'shed'. Confusion is worse confounded in the green room. Dozens of college peons fly about in search of coffee and other precious vitamins. Every body is bent upon making noise and nobody cares to be understood. Mutual congratulations and compliments follow in lightning succession. Soon the theatre lights are switched off and the actors retire

to their rooms in the hostel. Mr. Conductor comes down, at length, last, to the cycle stand. Alone on the college road, he turns back to view the dark silent Assembly Hall. He makes a gentle nod of his head and says "Well, let all the critics be......" He reaches home at 1-30 A. M., to rest his taxed head upon the innocent cushion.

The Epilogue. Mr. Conductor gets up very late in the day. He feels done up, dazed and cranky. But, before Mrs. Conductor, he affects a business air and leaves for the college. He meets his flock who are also dazed. Soon all fall to talking of things-to-have-been-done and songs-to have-been-sung and so on and so forth. There is a vague whisper of a second attempt at the same drama wherein the commissions and the omissions are to be scrupulously attended to. This is the last parting shot for Mr. Conductor. He feels giddy; and he turns his cycle homeward at 1 P.M. Kind Mrs. Conductor takes pity on the crest-fallen and done up Mr. Conductor and offers, in the third person plural, some terms of reconciliation and pardon. Mr. Conductor falls in readily with the proposals, in the first person singular. He is at last pardoned on the express condition that "in future he turns out to be a God-fearing man and does not undertake such hazardous enterprises and does not make an—of himself," to quote the very words of Mrs. Conductor. That night Mr. Conductor sleeps the sleep of a sincere penitent and soon dreams of the day when he would courageously refuse the offer of the much coveted job of the Conductorship of the University Drama.

MR. CONDUCTOR.

The Undefined Something.

Somehow or other, I have always cherished an inexplicable admiration for fallen heroes in history. Napoleon arouses in me an admiration which Alexander the Great with all his victories does not. To me Napoleon is a great man created by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution and to restore " the altar, the throne and the social order." He is decidedly superior to Alexander in military achievements, to Hannibal in his inexhaustible resources and to Caesar in his administrative powers.

It is true that this illustrious republican chief was defeated by the Duke of Wellington, England's proudest noble ; and, in defiance of all justice and law, without any trial or even an accusation, an Emperor who gave himself up with confidence, was immolated while on board the *Bellorophon* and was condemned to imprisonment for life in the dreary rocks of St. Helena. It is also true that this hero whose power is recognised by all the continental nations is accused by his enemies of having been a " tyrant," a " blood-thirsty monster " and a " human butcher." Whatever that be, he is neverthless my hero. I admire him not because " he abhorred war and did everything in his power to avert this calamity not because he merited the sovereignty to which the suffrages of a grateful nation elevated him........and not because he had a high sense of honour and revered, religion " (Abbot) ; but, because he has got something undefined about him. What is this *undefind something* ?

The remembrance of the insulting treatment of this great man is very painful and heart—rending. In fact, England lost a glorious opportunity of dignifying her history by the record of a noble deed, when she imprisoned a hero with an immense personality. No friend of England who is not lost to all sense of honour can ever hear the word, 'Napolean,' without fealing his cheek tingle with the blush of shame.

Again, what is it that is amiable about Jesus Christ, what is it that makes us speak of him as the 'holiest among the mighty and the mightiest among the holy'? Is it the people who 'hanged him on a tree, drove great nails at him and crowned him with a crown of thorns'? Or, is it Peter's denial, Juda's kiss, the disloyalty and the ingratitude of his own companions? Or, is it his own commands at which the blind saw, the deaf heard, the paralytics walked and the lepers got cured? We admire Jesus Christ because he has got the *undefined something* in him.

Everywhere the influence of these heroes reigns, their authority rules and their elusive personality pervades. They have about them a superb individuality which persists and shines through their changing experiences. The incidents in their life that proved to be barriers in their way to progress are incapable of obscuring their glory. They are bound to take their proper place in the warmest corner of every heart. The fragrant atmosphere they create around them—what is it due to, if not to the *Undefined Something*?

M. R.

Our March to Madras.

Bang ! Bang !! Bang !!! Hobbs and Sutcliffe are at Madras. An invitation to a friendly match at Chidambaram has been rejected by the Maharaja Kumar. The honour of the 'Varsity Cricket is at stake. Mr. Member-in-Charge, thinks and plots. His family is packed away to Kumbakonam and a T. M. O., is sent to the Secretary, Duncan's memorial Tourney. The 'Varsity eleven are got ready and Mr. Member-in-charge leaves Chidambaram with the younger half of the team, leaving the other half to take the next train.

It is 2-45, a. m. A loud crash and a terrific cyclone. The glass panes of the compartments break asunder with terrific noise and the passengers shudder with fear. Mr. Member-in-charge, rudely awakened from his sweet slumber, is of opinion that some railway bridge has given way and the train is going down into a deep dark abyss. The last prayer for the safety of his own dear soul first, and of the young members of the team next, is on his lips. But the train stops with a rude jerk, and Mr. Member-in-charge, in attempting to put on his shoes, knocks his head against the cricket kit. The 'Varsity marker helps him to a sitting posture but poor Mr. Member-in-charge has clean lost his brains. To the great chagrin of all the fellow passengers, he swears "Cursed be the day on which I sent the T. M. O."

Courage and some brains revive with the light of day. The younger members of the team, possessed of cool heads and active limbs, appoint themselves as the

guardians of the dispossessed Mr. Member-in-charge. The latter person in his unhappy mood, suggests a walk to Madras and actually sets himself seriously to that task. His hat is blown off and he himself is in danger of being thrown into a dirty ditch near by. The guardians rush to the rescue and Mr. Member-in-charge is safely deposited back into the compartment. Foiled thus in his atempt, he fills his pockets with monkey nuts kindly distributed by the engine driver for the benefit of the passengers. Hunger is telling badly upon all the poor travellers. But the young 'varsity men exert themselves untiringly in cutting trees, removing obstacles, restoring broken lines, patching up dozens of breaches and in actually dragging the entire train all the way to Chingleput junction.

Even a good lunch at Spencer's produces no effect upon Mr. Member-in-charge. But the young enthusiasts, having been restored a bit after the lunch, think better of their guardian-ship and leave their ward all to himself as a hopeless case. Mr. Member-in-charge suddenly gets into a singing mood, to the great nuisance of all persons at Chingleput. Soon vague rumours are afloat. People speak of No. 5. Down Express as having capsized. One swears forcibly that he has actually seen or at least been reliably informed by an eye-witness that a striped blazer coat was seen floating near a submerged railway station. Mr. Member-in-charge hears these words and looks appealingly towards the expansive lake opposite the station. He wishes that he is carried off and safely deposited somewhere in the middle of the lake. Nothing

of the sort happens but only more rumours of bodies afloat, engines carried off the lines and people wafted high up in the skies.

The night draws near. The youngsters who have been wandering hither and thither for want of a better occupation, are now cognisant of the existence of Mr. Member-in-charge, since dinner time is near at hand. "Dinner time please" they exclaim. Mr. Member-in-charge feels his empty purse and turns it upside down and reverses the process—so on ad infinitum. Suddently he sees the familiar face of a 'Varsity professor in the next compartment. "Hurrah ! Wait my young ones" cries he. The boys take the answer with a knowing wink. Mr. Member-in-charge adjusts his tie and wipes off a ton load of soot from his trousers and proceeds to the next compartment leaving the position of vantage to the younger ones behind. He wishes the professor good evening and talks sportingly of cyclone, breaches and capsized engines. But the professor who has important business at Madras, is not in a mood to listen to, and much less to appreciate, such rotten stuff. Mr. Member-in-charge, without getting discouraged, changes his tactics. He stops talking rot but turns his pair of eyes up, down and round the compartment. He feels for a likely cough in his throat that would not come off. Evidently the professor looks a little frightened by these masonic signs, for out comes the cat from the bag. The professor takes out a ten-rupee note from his purse. With profuse apologies and thanks Mr. Member-in-charge rushes triumphantly to the eager group of hungry souls watching the whole show at a safe distance, and they all speed to Spencer's res-

tauraunt. After the dinner, all take a stroll along the platform. But in an unguarded moment Mr. Member-in-charge rushes into another railway compartment supposed to be bound for Arakonam. The party being vigilant, he is dragged out of the compartment. After a day's rest the party reaches Madras without further mishap.

It is 5 p.m., the next day. Mr. Member-in-charge who has just got up from his afternoon nap, smells a cup of delightful coffee placed before him, which reminds him of the good old days. Somebody speaks about a letter from the V. C. The cup falls down into a thousand pieces. Visions of floating bodies appear before his mind's eye, of parents with arrest warrants and long bamboo sticks. Mr. Member-in-charge gasps for breath and feels his shirt pocket wherein he finds a bunch of keys. With the sharpest of the keys he tries to effect a hole into his Adam's apple. Whir, whir, whir, and a loud motor horn and a yell of young voices. The young cricketers fall upon the unlucky person and wrench the keys from his hands. Mr. Member-in-charge, who now realises that he has been saved thrice from the jaws of death by his dear young cricketers, sends a heart-felt prayer to God and an express telegram to the V. C. That night he dreams of matches won, the big Gold Cup carried back to Chidambaram and the whole place enjoying a gala day and a feast in honour of the 'Varsity Cricket Team.

Mr. MEMBER-IN-CHARGE.

I. T'was twelve O'clock on a sunny day
As slowly crawled we on our way
Amidst the thorns and prickly pear
Hunting " Crocs" in their watery lair.

II. Now " Crocs" you know are a wily lot
Never but rarely getting caught
So we did not dare e'en to sigh
Afraid the " Croc" may 'scape thereby.

III. At last we stood by the water's edge
And scanned each nook and every ledge
For signs of the " Croc" we'd come to kill
But naught was there and all was still.

IV. Then as we stood in dismal doubt
We saw a great black snout come out
Scarce had it time to show itself
When " Bang!" went the rifle of our elf!

V. With noisy shouts we ran to the spot
Where lay the victim of our shot ;
We entered the water in highest glee
And caught at what we could not see.

VI. Think of our horror and dire dismay !
No croc was there ! Ah, lack-a-day !
A buffalo huge lying dead !
With a silver chain around its head !

VII. With one accord and bated din,
We turned to run—luck was not in.
Twenty fellows with sticks and stones
Stood fast and strong to break our bones !

VIII. Looked they at us, all daggers drawn
But our calm looks of with'ring scorn
Arrested the deed they thought to do
And gathered they to " parley-vous".

IX. Their lingo was but Latin and Greek
To us poor chaps so good and meek ;
Of course at last we understood
By must'ring all the sense we could.

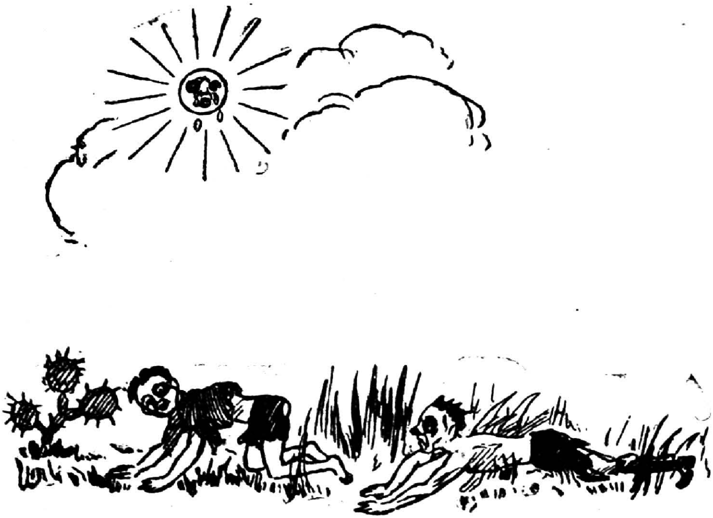
X. The beast was a pet of fair Gul-nood
And she the wife of great Mahmood
And nothing but this prince of kine
Alive, would' pease his wife divine !

XI. As we had not a single pie
They gently told us we should die !
Resented we this and beat it—
They were too fast and we got it !

XII. We were then beaten black and blue
Our clothes in tatters, hats gone too !
Our fine topboots—they were no more ,
And we—the dogs !—were left so sore.

XIII. At last they ceased—the murderous swine.
And left us to our fate malign !
We dragged our shattered limbs and swore
Never to hunt a croc—no more.

HENRY RUNGANADHAN,
III-Hons. Class.



" We drugged our shattered limbs and swore
Never to hunt a croc-no more ! "

My visits during the Christmas Holidays.

Kamatchipatti is a village, six miles from Dasampatti Railway Station in the Salem District. This small village is in the possession of a Mittadar, Mr. K. M. Visvanatha Chettiar. The Mittadar and his friend Mr. K. R. Venugopala Iyer asked me to go over to their place and spend sometime with them. So I spent my last Christmas vacation with them.

The journey from the station to the village was tedious. It took me two hours. Great was his joy, when the Mittadar found me jumping from the cart.

As you approach the village, the first impression you get is, of the numerous palmya trees, encircling the whole village. Then you see the great river *Thenpennai*, which meets the sea at Cuddalore. Its population does not exceed a hundred, and there are on the whole nearly fifty houses, including my host's big house. Most of the villagers are *Sanars* and their occupation is to tap toddy. There are also some wet lands around this village.

On the second day of my stay in that village, my host and his friend Mr. K. R. Venugopala Iyer took me to a place on the river side, where there was an old big stone with some inscription. I learnt that the rock was removed from under the bushes, just before my going over to that village. They expected that I would be able to read the inscription.

The rock is about 6 ft. in length, 2 ft. in breadth, and 6 inches in thickness. Half of the rugged and unpolished stone is buried in the ground, and in the part which is open

to view there is a human figure, with a sword in one hand, and a shield in the other. The height of the figure is about a foot. Below the figure there are four lines of inscription. At first I was not able to make out anything from the inscription. I thought that the inscription might have been written in memory of the death of a great warrior. I could not find out in which language it was written. Wishing to consult Prof. P. T. Srinivasa Iyengar, I took an eye copy of it.

Next day, I was taken to a ruined fort, which is on the other side of the river, *Then penani*, where there are walls of brick. The decayed brick walls cover an area of about a square mile and a half. The fort stands in the midst of a hilly region. From the centre of the ruined fort, one can see the course of the river on the one side, and the prospect of the mountains on the other. My attention was drawn by my host to a particular brick. I found to my great surprise, that it was one foot long, half a foot broad, and six inches thick. It weighed about 80 lbs. Guess, how strong, must those walls have been in their glorious days. But now all the walls have been levelled to the ground. Great was my sorrow to see them in that decayed condition. They brought vividly to my imagination, something of the glory of their past existence, huge walls of solid bricks, with a big palace in the centre. My friend narrated the local legends connected with the fort. He also told me how once it was in the control of a petty chieftain Servarayan, who, when he heard of the invasions of the Mohammadans from the other side of the river, fled away and took refuge in the hills near by, leaving his palace, and fort behind in the hands of the

plunderers. It was from that time onwards, he said, that the hills have been called, Sheveroys, after the name of the king. There is some truth in this story.

I took leave of him, promising to let him know the meaning and significance of the inscription after consultation with my professor.

It was my professor's opinion that the inscription belongs to the 8th or 9th century A. D. and that the characters are either of old Tamil or of old Canarese. He said that it was a 'Virakal,' *i.e.*, a stone raised in memory of a great hero or warrior.

With the help and advice of my professor, I hope to give something more about the stone in the next number.

N. SRINIVASAN,
III Class.

17-2-31.

University Notes.

Looking back upon the year that is drawing to its close, we rejoice to note that all through the period of acute political stress, which, happily has eased, we have been adding another stone to this Temple of learning. There have been times when our youthful temper was sorely tried and the arcadian quiet disturbed by news of arrests and deficit budgets. In spite of them all, the worship at the altar has not ceased nor its fires grown cold.

As the reports of the various societies and clubs show, this year has been one of strenuous activity and all round expansion. More points of contact with other seats of learning have been established either by sending our representatives to them or by entertaining theirs; more debates have been held and more lectures delivered to satisfy the thirst for knowledge; more time has been devoted to the cultivation of sturdy manhood, and, may we add, more *socials* have been arranged and more photographs taken to keep alive the spirit of genial fellowship. This is not all. The extension of the Arts Block which we understand is to be consecrated to the Muse of Oriental Learning is nearing completion; and we dare say that the Oriental Muse which has so far been segregated, and made to inhabit pensive sheds will be glad to return and take its place in the family. Besides, more members of the teaching staff have come to reside in the premises of the University—the more the merrier.

Annamalai University Hostel Day Celebrations.

The Hostel day was celebrated with great enthusiasm on the 31st January. During the previous week there were played a number of games between the Eastern and Western blocks. The contest was very close and Kilithattu and Tug of War played on the hostel day settled the issue in favour of the Western block. The individual sports held on the morning of the Hostel day were also very keenly contested. Mr. T. Subrahmania Pillai proved to be the slowest cyclist in the hostel. Mr. K. R. Radhakrishnan was the only member whose sense of direction did not fail him even when he was blind folded in the pot race. In the sack fight, a power of keen observation and resoluteness helped Mr. A. S. Ramaswamy to become the only survivor; Messrs. K. S. Venkataraman and K. R. Radhakrishnan formed a rare combination in the wheel barrow race and came out easily the first.

A public meeting was held in the hostel premises at 6 p.m. with the Vice-Chancellor in the chair. The meeting was rather rudely disturbed at the beginning by outsiders amongst whom were a snake charmer, a Kudukudupaikaran and Perumal Mattu karan. A post man at a wrong hour of the day was found distributing letters to the members of the audience. These people turned to be the fancy dress competitors. The judges decided to give the first prize to the snake charmer (Mr. K. S. Venkataraman) and the second prise to the Post Man (Mr. P. S. Ramanarayanan.)

The Secretary then read the annual report of the hostel for the year 1930-31. The record was one of progress in all directions. Professor K. M. Khadye then delivered an interesting address on Hostel Life. He described the life of the students in Oxford and Cambridge and suggested many possible ways in which our hostel might be improved. The Vice-Chancellor endorsed the views of the lecturer and laid stress on the necessity of developing the social and corporate activities of hostel life which promoted a spirit of goodwill and comradeship. He then congratulated the Warden, the officers and other members of the hostel on their successful work and distributed the prizes to the winners in the various contests.

The Warden's Shield went to the Western Block.

With a vote of thanks proposed by the Warden, the meeting came to a close.

The event of the day was yet to come. It was the Dinner arranged in the open space to the east of the Hostel Blocks. Seats for the members were arranged in space exactly similar to the cast of the Hostel Blocks and our thanks are due to the twenty and more volunteers who helped the guests and members of the hostel to the seats reserved for them. Special mention may be made of the fact that several ladies were present among the guests including Mrs. Runganadhan.

A short musical concert followed the dinner. The day's function came to a close with a vote of thanks to the guests by the Secretary.

H. GOVINDAN.

Secretary.

Games and Sports.

Since the last issue of the Miscellany the interest in the games played in the University has gained in strength. A number of intramural matches inclusive of the inter-class Tournaments, have been played. The Cricket Club continued to share the major part of the activity of the Athletic Association along with Badminton and Volley-ball. Owing to the monsoon, Football and Tennis could be played but occasionally during the second term. Basketball has perhaps become a little more popular.

Events of marked interest during the second term were (1) the Founder's Day Sports, (2) the entry of the University Cricket Team in the Duncan Memorial Tournament and (3) the fixtures with the Kumbakonam College in November.

Enthusiastic interest was as usual evinced in the Track & Field Athletics. A good number took part in the Annual Sports which this year were held in connection with the Founder's Day Celebrations. K. M. Gopala-krishnan & C. Ayyaru distinguished themselves as during the last year. There was a keen fight for the Champion-ship and the Founder's Day Gold Medal—the medal went to K.M. Gopalakrishnan. Both the above competitors took part in the recent Madras Olympics and fared well, C. Ayyaru winning the third place in Hop, Step and Jump.

The University Cricket Eleven did well in the Madras Tourney considering that this is the first year of

their entry. Mark Runganadhan deserves to be congratulated on the good form he was in throughout the season. B. V. Ramanujam's valuable help has done much to raise the level of Cricket in the University. A number of matches were also played between the staff and the students, the staff winning once against the "B" Team.

The University took part in the Badminton, Basketball, Football, Tennis and Volleyball Matches at Kumbakonam. The University won in Football, Tennis and Volleyball, and lost in Badminton and Basketball.

Most of the Intramural tournaments were played during the third term. The winners are:—

Badminton:—Inter Team.

Basketball :—Hon's Team.

Cricket :—The East.

Football :—Inter Team.

Hockey :—B.A. Team.

Playgroundball :—Inter Team.

Volleyball :—B A. Team.

Tennis: Singles :—K. Sivaraman (IV Class)

Tennis : Doubles :—K. Sivaraman and
V. K. Damodara Menon (III Class)

The names of the Founders Day Sports winners have already been published.

University Union Society.

President :—S. E. Ranganathan Esq., M.A., I.E.S.
(Vice-Chancellor.)

Chairman :—Mr. R. Venkataraman (Second Term)

* Mr. T. Krishnakutti Menon (Third Term)

Secretary :—Mr. S. V. Venkataraman

In the course of the second and third terms, the union held a series of interesting debates and lectures.

At the extraordinary meetings, Mr. S. Satyamurti, B.A., B.L., spoke on "The Future of Indian Government," Mr. V. K. Ayyappan Pillai, B.A. (Oxon) on "The Ideals of University Life", Dr. B. V. Narayanaswami Naidu, M.A., on "Our University Motto-With Courage and Faith," and Mr. P. Sankaran Nambiyar, M.A. of the Ernakulam College, on "The University as a training ground for National Service."

In the ordinary meetings debates were held on the following subjects: "Moustaches as a relic of barbarism", "Political Reform must precede social Reform", "English as the common language for India", "Prosperity and character vary in inverse ratio", "The Golden Age is in the future, and not in the past", "International Disarmament," and "The Sankey Committee Report as the basis of future negotiations between the Parliament and the Congress."

In Private Business, the House placed on record the services of Mr. E.L. Raghavamudali and Mr. R. Venkataraman, the out-going Chairmen of the Union.

---

* Begin the name immediately below the first name.

The House also congratulated Sir C. V. Raman on his having been awarded the Nobel Prize, and Mr. R. Venkataraman on his winning the medal in the inter-collegiate oratorical competition held at Kumbakonam.

On the 7th February 1930 at a specially convened meeting, the House joined the nation in mourning by unanimously passing the resolution, all standing, "This House places on record its deep sense of sorrow at the demise of Pandit Motilal Nehru."

Mr. T. Krishnakutti Menon IV was the elected chairman of the union for the III term.

The Union Day for the academic year 1930-31 was celebrated on Saturday the 14th Feb. 1931 at 3-30 P.M. in the University premises. There was a large 'social' for the members of the union, the members of the staff of the University and guests. After the lunch a meeting was held at 4-30 P. M. in the lawn behind the Arts Block under the presidency of the Vice-Chancellor. S. V. Ramamurti Esq., M.A., I.C.S., Secretary to the Government Development Department, delivered the Valedictory Address on "Some suggestions for a Rural Philosophy."

English Language & Literature Society.

President.—Prof. K. M. Khadye, M.A.

Chairmen.—Mr. R. Parthasarathy, II term.

Mr. A.S. Ananthapadmanabhan III term.

Secretary.—Mr, M. G. Gopalakrishnan.

Mr. V. Achyuthan Nair (Acting).

Two ordinary meetings were conducted in the second term. At the first meeting Mr. A. P. Jegaraj read a learned essay on "Jane Austen—the Realist." At the second, Mr. S. Ramadasan spoke on "Clowns in Shakespeare." At an extraordinary meeting of the society held on 13th December, under the distinguished presidency of Prof. Khadye, M.A. (Bom)., B.A. (Cantab), Mr. P. Sankaran Nambiar M.A., Professor of English, Maharaja's College, Ernakulam, delivered an eloquent and enlightening lecture on "Aesthetic Delight with special reference to Literature."

At an ordinary meeting of the third term the House discussed the interesting question "Whether Hardy is a pessimist or not."

The Valedictory address was delivered by Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganathan Avl. M.A., I.E.S., Vice-Chancellor, on the 12th March 1931.

The University Chemical Society.

President :—Dr. S. N. Chakravarti, Msc., D. Phil. (Oxon).

Secretary :—Mr. A. P. Sankaran Nair.

Asst. Secretary :—Mr. O. Padmaraju.

The society has fifty-three members on its rolls. It began its activities on October 13th 1930, with Dr. S. N. Chakravarti's address on "The Chemistry of Air." This was followed by seven other lectures delivered by the members of the staff of the Chemistry department as well as by the students.

Dr. Guha, Professor of Organic Chemistry, Bangalore, Institute of Science, was invited to deliver the inaugural address. But, as he could not come over himself, he was good enough to send us his address printed, and it was read by the president at a meeting held on the 13th February 1931, with the Vice-Chancellor in the chair. After the reading of the address, the society was 'at home' to the Vice-Chancellor.

We regret that we have not been able to hold any extraordinary meetings, this year.

We take this opportunity to thank the staff-members of the Chemistry Department, who have been evincing great interest in the activities of the society.

The Mathematics Association.

President :—Mr. A. Narasinga Rao, M.A.

Vice-President :—Mr. G. V. Krishnasami Iyengar, M.A.

Secretaries :—Mr. N. Srinivasan and Mr. B. Madhava Pai.

Though the necessity for a Mathematics Association had been felt for a long time, it was realised only late in September, and the society began to function only from the second term. The inaugural address was delivered by the president. Dr. T. Vijiaraghavan, of the Aligrah University, Dr. R. Vaithyanathasami, F. R. S. E. of the Madras University, Dr. S. R. U. Savoor, Principal, Govt. College, Kumbakonam and Mr. S. V. Ramamurthi, M. A. I. C. S. were the visitors during the year. At one of the meetings a resolution congratulating Sir C. V. Raman F. R. S. on his having won the nobel Prize for Physics was carried with enthusiasm. In addition to these, several ordinary meetings were held in which both students and members of the staff participated. The valedictory address was delivered on the 9th March by Mr. V. Ramaswami Iyer, M.A. the founder of the Indian Mathematical Society.

The Annamalai University Sanskrit Society.

President.—M. R. Ry. K. Rama Pisharoti Avl., M. A., Reader in Sanskrit.

Mr. N. S. Kalyana Raman.	*Chairman, I Term.*
Mr. R. Rajagopalan.	*Chairman II Term.*
Mr. S. Ranganadhan.	*Chairman III Term.*
Mr. V. Krishnamurthi.	*Secretary.*

During the year under review, the activities of the Society were marked by great interest and enthusiasm. The Sanskrit Society conducted under its auspices 14 meetings, out of which 7 were extraordinary. Considerable interest was evinced in the successful working of the Society, not only by the Reader and the office bearers. but also by the numbers of the University Staff. We had also the pleasure of listening to a member of addresses by distinguished oriental scholars in the country.

The work of the year was inaugurated by M.R.Ry. K. Rama Pisharoti Avl., M.A., the President, who spoke about " The Life of Sri Sankaracharya, from legends and traditions", with Dr. Saileswar Sen in the chair. Prof. P.P.S. Sastri, of the Presidency College, Madras, Prof. D. T. Thathachariar of the Sanskrit College, Trivadi, Mr. C. Sankara Rama Sastri of the Madras Bar, and Pandits U. P. Krishnamachariar of Benares, and T. Sundarachariar of Shiyali roused us to a sense of the value of Sanskrit learning, by their inspiring lectures on such subjects as "The Scientific study of Sanskrit," "Western Scholarship and Sanskrit literature", "Humour in Sanskrit literature", "Importance of the study of Sanskrit",

and "The Pleasures of Sanskrit literature". Such subjects as "Kalidasa's dramatic art", "Desika, from traditions," "Kavya literature", "Sanskrit Dramaturgy", "Bhavabhuti", "Swami Vivekananda and Sanskrit", and "Kalidasa as a nature poet" were discussed in the course of the seven ordinary meetings conducted with the respective elected chairmen in the chair. A condolence meeting was also convened to record the loss sustained by the Oriental world in the demise of Prof. A. A. Macdonnell of Oxford, when M.R.Ry. P.T. Srinivasa Ayyangar Avl. moved the condolence resolution.

One fact of importance deserves to be mentioned before I conclude the review of our work. We have tried to keep in view the needs of our fellow students of the Siromani classes by conducting a number of meetings in Tamil.

The Valedictory address, was delivered by Dr. S. Krishnaswamy Iyengar Avl., M. A., P. H. D. formerly Professor of Indian History and Archaeology, Madras University. We are deeply thankful to him and also to the Vice-Chancellor for presiding on that occasion.

I take this opportunity to thank all those who have helped us in the successful working of the Society, especially the President for the interest he evinced in carrying on the work smoothly.

In conclusion, I beg to express my deep sense of thankfulness to the authorities of the University, especially the Vice-Chancellor and the Registrar, for their liberal encouragement.

Physics Society.

President.—Dr. Ramachandra Rao.

Secretary.—S. Sriraman.

There were held as many as ten meetings on the whole during the last two terms. At the beginning of the second term M. R. Ry. N. S Subba Rao Avl., M. A., addressed the Society on 'The Generation and Transmission of electric power. In the course of the lecture he explained the various principles involved in the working of Motor, Dynamo and Transformer and pointed out the advantages of Hydro-electric power. On Nov. 23rd 1930 M.R.Ry. H. Parameswaran Avl., M.A., Ph.D., D.Sc., F.I.P. of the Presidency College, delivered a lecture on "The Indian eclipse expedition to Siam." In a very interesting manner he explained all the details of the expedition and his own experiences in it. Later on, Mr. G. Sivaramakrishnan B. A. (Hons.) our first Research student in Physics, spoke on "When the eye is deceived." The lecture was very interesting as it explained clearly all the common defects of which most of us are not aware. On the 19th of Feb. 1931. M.R.Rv. P. Madhva Nair B. A. (Hons.) of the University Chemistry department addressed the members on "The role of moisture in physical and chemical changes". He treated his subject very interestingly and at the end suggested some problems in the investigation of which he advised the members to take interest. Dr. Ramachandra Rao who presided on the occasion suggested some theory which he pointed out is free from the defect of J. J. Thomson's theory on that point.

The other lectures were delivered by the student members. Some of the important subjects discussed by them are " Long wave transmission", "The Romance of the Atoms", "Recorders and reproducers of sound" "X–Ray and its applications." These discussions were conducted with much interest and enthusiasm.

At a meeting held on 20th of Nov. 1930 under the Presidency of Dr. S. Ramachandra Rao, two resolutions, one congratulating Sir C. V. Raman, F. R. S., on his having been awarded of the 'Nobel Prize' and the other congratulating M.R.Ry. V. I. Vaidyanathan Avl., M. A., D. Sc., our ex-Reader in Physics, on his getting the D. Sc. degree of the Madras University, were passed unanimously.

Apart from this, M.R.Ry. N. S. Subba Rao Avl., M.A., on the request of several members, delivered a course of six lectures on "The Technical study of Radio." These of course were very instructive and interesting.

The Valedictory address of the society was delivered by M.R.Ry. R. Gopala Iyer Avl., M.A., M.Sc., on 28th Feb. 1931, when M.R.Ry. Rao Bahadur S.E. Runganathan Avl., M. A., I. E. S., Vice-Chancellor presided. The address was preceded by a social function.

Thanks are due to the Vice-Chancellor for his encouragement and to Dr. Ramachandra Rao for his interest and wise suggestions and help.

Tamil Society.

President.—Swamy Vipulanandaji Avl., B.Sc. (Lond.)

Chairmen.—Messrs. V. Balakrishnan, 1st term.

R. Ganesan, 2nd term.

M. Balasubramaniam, 3rd term.

Secretary.—P. K Arunachalam.

The Tamil Society held several meetings in the last two terms of which six were extraordinary. On Saturday the 22nd Nov. Thiruvalar T. K. Chidambaranadha Mudaliar Avl., Commissioner, Religious Endowments, spoke on 'Tamil and Culture'. Swamy Vipulanandaji Avl., B. Sc. (Lond). delivered an inspiring and interesting lecture on 'Tamil Dramaturgy', when the Vice-Chancellor presided. The other gentlemen that spoke were, Kannapiran Vel of Veerai, M. S. Purnalingum Pillai of Tinnevelly and T. V. Umameheswaram of Tanjore.

In the weekly ordinary meetings topics of general interest like, "Tamil study and the modern world." "Religion and duty" were discussed with interest and with profit.

University Dramatic Club.

President.—S. E. Ranganathan Esq. M.A., I.C.S., (Vice-Chancellor)

Vice-Presidents.—Messrs. S. P. Ragland, M. A. and C. T. Srinivasan M.A.

Secretaries.—Messrs. K. S. Venkataraman and Henry Ranganathan.

Two performances given this year at suitable intervals have added enormously to the reputation of the Club. Earlier in the year it contributed to the festivities of the Founder's Day by staging 'Sakuntala'. On the 28th February, it got up a Variety Entertainment and gave a cheerful hour to the staff and the students who had borne the burden and the heat of study all through the year. Some distinguished guests were also present. The English Farce, "who is who or All in a Log", which was the principal part of the Entertainment was brilliantly rendered by Messrs. C.W.B. Zacharias, H. Ranganathan, L. R. Subbarayan, V. Achyuthan Nair and P. N. Vasudeva Rao. The other items including a Chorus sung by the students of the music College, a Savanna Dance. "Vedanta Dhappanis" and a Tamil Farce, also provided additional enjoyment to the audience. Mr. H. Ranganathan, who played the superior man-servant was awarded the prize for the best student actor in the English farce, and Mr. L. R. Subbarayan, who played the house maid, was given a special prize.

We take this occasion to express our thanks to the President for his constant support and guidance and to the Registrar, the Office, the members of the staff and the students—whom it is difficult to mention individually—who all helped without stint or measure to make our efforts a splendid success.

Annamalai University Andhra Sangham.

Report for 1930-31.

The constitution of the Sangham was revised and re-drafted in October 1930. The office-bearers under the new constitution are:—

President—M.R.Ry. Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganadan Avl. M.A., I.E.S., Vice-Chancellor, Annamalai University.

Vice-President.—M. R. Ry. B. V. Narayanaswamy Naidu Garu, M.A., P.H.D., B. Com., Bar-at-Law, Reader in Economics.

Secretary.—Mr. N. S. Krishnamurthy (Till the end of Jan. 1931.) Mr. P. Narayanachar (rest of the year.)

Bursar.—Mr. T. A. Abdul Rahiman (Till Dec. 1930). Mr. P. N. Vasudeva Rao (rest of the year).

Members of the Managing Committee.—

Messrs. P. N. Vasudeva Rao, K. B. Krishna Rao, O. Padma Raju.

Editor of the Manuscript Magazine.—Mr. N. S. Krishnamurthy (Till Jan. 1931), Mr. K. Satchidananda Rao (rest of the year).

Student Chairman.—Mr. N. Venkateswara Rao, (2nd term), Mr. S. S. Somayajalu (3rd term)

The Andhra Sangham is as active as ever. It met a dozen times in the last two terms.

At a meeting held under the auspices of the Sangham on 6th Oct. 1930 at 4-45 P. M. the following Resolution was passed.

"The members of the Andhra Sangham, Annamalai University, regret the untimely and tragic death of their member, Mr. Puranam Durga Krishnamurthy, and convey their condolences to his bereaved family."

The second anniversary of the Sangham was celebrated with great eclat on the 17th Jan. 1931. A Telugu drama was staged on that occasion. The first number of the Manuscript Magazine of the Sangham has already appeared and we are thankful to the Vice-Chancellor for writing a Foreword to it and the second number will be published soon.

In the course of this year the Sangham received four distinguished visitors.

Messrs.—1. H. Srikantayya, B.A., B.L., of the Mythic Society of Bangalore.

2. C. Basudeo, B. A., B.L., M.L.C.

3. P. V. Rajamannar, B. A., B. L., Advocate, Madras.

4. S. V. Rama Murthy, M.A., I.C.S., Secretary to the Development Department, Government of Madras.

Malayalee Club.

President.—Mr. K. Rama Pisharoti, M. A.

Chairman.—Mr. S. Sivarama Krishnan B.A. (Hons) (3rd term).

Secretary.—Mr. K. P. Govind.

Treasurer.–Mr. K.P. Karunakara Menon B.A. (Hons.)

The Annamalai University Malayalee club was started in August, 1929.

The club began its activities early this year. A new (revised) constitution was drawn up and was approved by the club, this year. The Vice-Chancellor kindly approved of the constitution on 1st Sept. 1930.

There were three extraordinary meetings in the current year: the first, on the 25th August, the 2nd on the 14th Dec. and the 3rd on the 19th January 1931. The Club conducted nine ordinary meetings this year. In all these meetings the club discussed subjects of general interest like "Temple Entry," "Dravidian metre is better than Sanskrit metre for Malayalam", etc.

The club passed a resolution on the 16th January, congratulating M.R.Ry. Uloor S. Parameswara Iyer Avl., M.A., B.L., M.R.A.S., on his having received the new year Honour of Rao Sahib.

On the 7th Feb. 1931, the club condoled with Pdt. Jahawarlal Nehru on the great loss sustained by him and the country by the sad demise of his father, Pdt. Motilal Nehru.

The 'Onam' Day was celebrated with the usual enthusiasm and jubilation.

The club was honoured by the visit of H.H. Rama Varma Rajah, B.A., 10th Prince of Cochin, on the 10th of July, 1930.

The Annamalai University Students Co-operative Society.

The wave of trade depression that is at present sweeping over the world, has adversely affected our Society also. Consequently the fortunes of the Society have been subject to serious fluctuations. We are glad to state, however, that the Society has not suffered as much as several similar institutions have suffered during the year. Luckily we have been able to pay our way without incurring any loss. Our accounts have been carefully audited, and the auditors' report contains many valuable suggestions for the better working of the Society, which we are very glad to put into effect.

The appointment of Dr. B. V. Narayanaswami Naidu as the Vice-President of the Society was highly fortunate, for it gave a new and a better turn to the working of the Society. We have no doubt that with the unfailing sympathy and support of our President, and the enthusiasm of the Vice-President, the record of our work during the current year will be more satisfactory than last year's.

A General-body meeting of the Society was held on 20th January 1931, when the Annual Report for the year ending with 30th June 1930, was read and adopted and the balance sheet as prepared by the auditors was presented. Some new elections were held, and the following constitute the new Board of Directors:—

President.—M. R. Ry. Rao Bahadur S. E. Runganadhan Avl., M.A., I.E.S.

Vice-President.—Dr. B. V. Narayanaswami Naidu, M.A., B. Com., Bar.-at-Law.

Secretary.—Mr. A.P. Madhavan Nair, B.A. (Hons).

Asst. Secretary.—Mr. V. Jaganatha Rao.

Student-Directors.—Messrs. T. R. Kalyana Raman.
N. Venkateswara Rao.
K. R. Radhakrishnan.

It was also resolved at the General Body meeting that all sales should be strictly on the ready-money system. This rule, we are sure, will be welcomed by our customers as well as by the authorities of the Society.

The matter of Registration of our Society under the Co-operative Societies Act is still pending with the Government. We hope that orders from the Registrar, of the Co-operative Societies will be received shortly, and in the beginning of the next academic year at least the Society will begin to function as a Registeied Society.

We hope also that the Society will be benefited by the appointment of Mr. N. S. Narayana Rao as Salesman Clerk.

A. P. MADHAVAN NAIR,

Secretary.

The Annamalai University Social Reform Club.

President.—S. E. Runganadhan, Esq., M.A., I.E.S., Vice-Chancellor.

Chairman.—Mr. P. N. Vasudeva Rao.

Secretary.—Mr. M. G. Gopalakrishnan.

Mr. A Raghavachari (Acting.)

Editors of the club Magazine.—Messrs. R. K. Viswanathan.

P. N. Vasudeva Rao.

During the year, the club convened eight ordinary meetings, when some current social problems were discussed. In addition to such discussions, the club made a modest beginning in the direction of practical social service. Towards the end of the second term the club appointed a committee consisting of Messrs. C.R. Myleru, S. Viswanathan, S. P. Ragland, A. Raghavachari, P.N. Vasudeva Rao, & M.G. Gopalakrishnan called "The Rural Propaganda Committee of the Social Reform club". The committee arranged for a lecturing visit to the village of Shivapuri, near Annamalainagar in December, 1930. We take this opportunity to express our thanks to Professor and Mrs. Khadye who were also in the party that set out for Shivapuri. We are particularly indebted to Mrs. Khadye, who presided over the meeting held at the village. Many of the members of the Committee addressed the villagers on the social problems of the day; they exhorted them to give up the drink habit, to live in

147737

clean and healthy surroundings. The whole programme was very successfully carried out due to the enthusiasm of the members of the committee.

At a meeting held on 5th March 1931, the club decided to have a group photo of its members and also the final tea before the year came to an end. It is to be regretted that, owing to the multifarious duties of the secretary, Mr. Gopalakrishnan and to his illness in the middle of the term, the club was unable to work as vigorously as before. But we hope to carry on our activities with greater enthusiasm next year. At the same meeting, the following office-bearers, for the next year were elected.

Chairman.—Mr. G.V. Panikkar.

Secretary.—Mr. A. Raghavachari.

Editorial Board of the Club Magazine.—Messrs. C. R. Myleru.
M. Rajah.

The annual gathering of the club took place on Wednesday the 11th March. A group photo was followed by a social at 5-30 p. m. A public meeting was held under the auspices of the club on Thursday the 12th, when Sir P. C. Roy delivered an interesting address.

5—15 N31.2

Economics Society.

The society has been prospering this year under the guidance and encouragement of the President and Dr. B. V. Narayanaswamy Naidu. The inaugural address was delivered by the President on 26th July, 1930, on the very interesting topic 'The New Economic Thought'. We had also some thought provoking addresses on the problems of the day from distinguished speakers. Mr. Sunda spoke on Agricultural Economics, and Rev. Father Carty, on 'The Present Trade Depression and its monetary aspect.' The President, once again, addressed an extra-ordinary meeting on 'India and the New Economics,' on the Founder's Day, last November, under the distinguished presidency of Sir M. Visveswarayya.

In addition to these extra-ordinary meetings, we had in the course of the year, several lively discussions on such topics as 'The Economics of Hotels.' "Labour Organizations" etc. Over all these ordinary discussions the student chairman presided. We take this opportunity to express our thanks to Messrs. T. A. Subramanian and K. M. Gopalakrishnan, for their services to the society in this direction.

We are deeply grateful to the President, and members of the staff for their hearty co-operation and guidance in our activities during the year. The abiding interest taken by the Vice-Chancellor and the Registrar, in our affairs contributed largely to our success, and to them we tender our thanks.

We trust that in the coming years, the membership of our society will grow from more to more in view of the essentially human interest that is inherent in the study of Economic Problems.

K. S. VENKATARAMAN,
Secretary.

Thompson & Co., University Printers, Madras.

147737